FIVE CENTS

Liberty

DEC. 20 • 1941

BOMBER COMMAND—

A Condensation of England's Great Best Seller

WILL WOMAN'S WAY RULE TOMORROW'S WORLD? by Dorothy Thompson

"CHRISTMAS TREE LAMPS THAT DON'T KEEP BURNIN' OUT? — SONNY, YOU WANT GENERAL ELECTRIC MAZDA LAMPS"

'Twas the night before Christmas when all through the house, you could hear poor Papa yelling, "Our Christmas tree lamps won't light again!"

This year start *your* tree off right . . . so you'll enjoy it. Start off with bright new G-E MAZDA Christmas Tree lamps in every socket. Or better still, get some of the new "multiple" light strings . . . and avoid hunting burned-out bulbs. Buy them at leading stores everywhere. For best results . . . and a brighter, happier Christmas, insist on strings of tree lights, or other decorations, using only bulbs marked "G-E MAZDA" . . . they're *made to stay brighter longer!*

Remember General Electric makes only the lamp bulbs.

"MULTIPLE" XMAS TREE LAMPS
Switch to the new "multiple" light strings and save time hunting burned-out bulbs. When one lamp goes out, others still sparkle.
2 lamps for only 15¢

"STANDARD" PINE CONE SHAPE
For series strings only . . . 8 lamps to a series. Come in red, blue, green, orange and white. Be sure to have spares in all colors.
only 5¢ each

LUMINOUS CANDLES
They gleam with rich color from tip to base . . . and add to the sparkle and beauty of any tree. For series strings . . .
2 for 15¢

"MULTIPLE" OUTDOOR LAMPS
Sturdy and colorful with the added advantage of "multiple" burning. No "blackouts" of holiday joy . . . no hunting "dead" bulbs.
10¢ each

"MULTIPLE" LUMINOUS CANDLES
They make your tree glow with rich color, bring you freedom from hunting burned-out bulbs. Use only on "multiple" strings.
only 10¢ each

Made to STAY BRIGHTER

G-E MAZDA LAMPS

These may be the first signs that troublesome germs associated with a cold are attempting to invade the throat tissue and set up infection.

Quick action may ward off a cold or nip it in the bud if it is just starting. Begin gargling with Listerine Antiseptic at the first hint of trouble. Don't dilute it. Use full strength.

NOTE HOW LISTERINE GARGLE REDUCED GERMS

BEFORE

The drawings illustrate height of range in germ reductions on mouth and throat surfaces in test cases before and after gargling Listerine Antiseptic. Fifteen minutes after gargling, germ reductions up to 96.7% were noted; and even one hour after, germs were still reduced as much as 80%.

AFTER

Listerine reaches way back on throat surfaces to kill millions of the "secondary invaders." These bacteria, say many authorities, cause most of the distressing aspects of a cold.

For impressive evidence of Listerine's amazing power against the very germs associated with colds and accompanying sore throat read carefully the test data summarized in the panel above.

Test Results Showed:

FEWER COLDS and SORE THROATS for LISTERINE USERS

The above statement is one for you to remember the next time you feel a cold or simple sore throat coming on.

It is highly impressive when you realize that it reflects the results of carefully conducted tests during a ten year period of research.

First, these tests showed that those groups which gargled Listerine Antiseptic twice a day contracted fewer colds than the non-using groups.

Furthermore, these colds were milder and did not last as long as those of non-users of Listerine Antiseptic.

This success, we believe, must be due to the ability of Listerine Antiseptic to combat the troublesome bacteria which inhabit and multiply on mouth and throat surfaces . . . the very bacteria that many authorities say are responsible for most of the distressing aspects of a cold.

In other words, Listerine Antiseptic often seems to give Nature the helping hand she needs in combating such germs when fatigue, drafts, wet feet, or exposure have weakened body resistance so that germs find the tissue easier to attack.

Gargle Listerine Antiseptic systematically as a precaution against colds and as a first aid when you feel a cold or simple sore throat coming on. It may save you real trouble. Buy the large size economy bottle today and save money.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., *St. Louis, Mo.*

WATCH YOUR THROAT
where illness often starts
LISTERINE THROAT LIGHT
GENUINE DU PONT "LUCITE" ILLUMINATOR
ONLY 75¢
Batteries Included

Vox Pop

The First Word-- From Our Readers

TEST FOR OLDSTERS: HOW MUCH OF ALL THIS DO YOU REMEMBER?

CEDAR RAPIDS, IA.—I was interested in George Jean Nathan's Shakespeare, Bah! (November 8 Liberty). It brought pleasant memories of my kid days. Having celebrated my eighty-sixth birthday last week, perhaps I can recall some of the old-time shows.

Among the thrillers was the melodrama Under the Gas Light. I well remember the night the locomotive was about to pulverize the victim tied to the railroad track, when something went wrong and the train collapsed and fell over against the scenery. And I'll never forget my first introduction to the naughty cancan, and the disastrous effects on our morals when Lydia Thompson's Black Crook came to town for the first time.

I remember Mazeppa and the real live horse that was featured with the long forgotten leading lady. How the stage hands ever led the horse up the three flights of stairs to the stage has always been an unsolved mystery.

Tom Thumb, Minnie Warren, and Commodore Nutt carried a miniature carriage drawn by beautiful ponies to convey them to and from the theater.

Among the standard attractions was Frank Mayo in Davy Crockett, his big scene being the interior of his cabin. When he was attacked by wolves, their heads appearing under the door, it gave us a real thrill. And I wonder how many now alive ever saw Dan Daly when he got one foot tangled up in a step-ladder. It was as funny as any single act I can think of.

I have a complete file of programs from 1880 to 1910, which Houdini considered the most unique in America. It is interesting to find the names of the really great: Edwin Booth, Mme. Modjeska, Lawrence Barrett, Joseph Jefferson . . . Your article seems to have brought them all back.—*Charles A. Laurance.*

TRIBUTE TO JUDGE HONE

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Were I in position to finance printing and distributing copies of Bayard Veiller's story Under His Hat (November 15 Liberty), I would send a reprint to every magistrate throughout the length and breadth of this land. We need judges like Michael J. Hone. More power to his kind!—*Mac King.*

THEY ARE THINGS THAT NEED BROADCASTING THESE DAYS

RIDGEWAY, OHIO—Here's a thank-you for your wonderful editorial "The Fool Hath Said in His Heart—" (November 1 Liberty). As a Sunday-school teacher and club speaker I have given it wide publicity, quoting its many comforting thoughts. That a great publication should broadcast these things helps us to know that Hitler and his works are transitory. —*Mrs. E. A. Allen.*

SEEMS AS IF THERE MIGHT BE A BALTIMORE IN OHIO

CHESTER, PA.—In your Geogram Solution, November 15 issue, you say, "Baltimore is not in Ohio." If you consult the U. S. Postal Guide you will find Baltimore, County of Fairfield, Ohio.—*George G. Fuhrman, a Retired Post-Office Clerk.*

BALTIMORE, OHIO—Baltimore is in Ohio and has been for well over one hundred years.—*Harry R. Johnson.*

BALTIMORE, OHIO—Whatcha mean Baltimore ain't in Ohio? I live in Baltimore, Ohio, and I orta know.—*Paul A. White.*

WE ARE ADVERTISED BY OUR LOVING FRIENDS

NEW YORK, N. Y.—I have always followed Liberty's movie criticisms as written by Beverly Hills. I decided that you had some reason for changing, so took Howard Barnes on your judgment until—

I started to read his criticism of Walt Disney's Dumbo, and came to the words, "After his experimental but disappointing Fantasia—"

Then I found myself saying, "Oh, the damn fool!" Those words just came out involuntarily.

I saw Fantasia eleven times. The last time I saw it I took Mrs. Bodanzky, widow of the late leader of the Metropolitan Opera House orchestra. She was delighted with it.

I can stomach no more of Howard Barnes.—*Sam M. Garber.*

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Rarely do I find anything in Liberty to find fault with, but after reading two chapters of Blood of the Dragon, by Achmed Abdullah, I can only ask, "What kind of readers would enjoy such a stupid story?" I shall ignore Liberty until this saga of unbelievable humbug has run its course. —*Kay Pearson.*

"And unless we receive funds to expand our plant, we shall have to report another bottleneck. Sincerely yours . . ."

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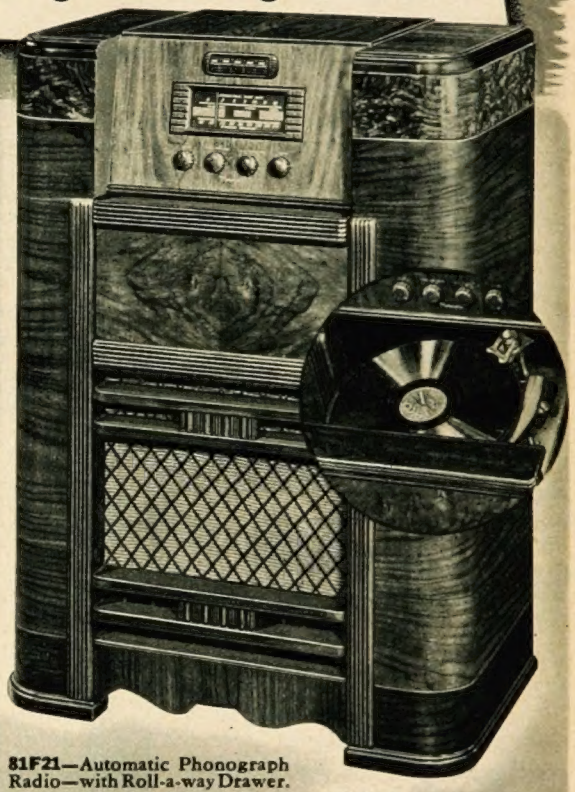

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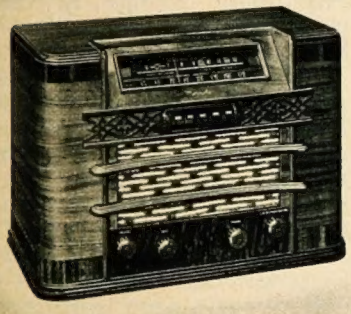
61T23—American, Foreign Reception — 5 Electric Push Buttons.

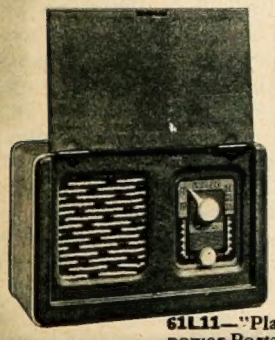


51F11—Table Model—Automatic Changer Phonograph Radio.

81F21—Automatic Phonograph Radio—with Roll-a-way Drawer.

MOTOROLA *has Everything!*

For that *extra* room-size radio there are none finer than the new 1942 Motorolas in either streamlined plastics or furniture-styled fine woods. Motorola Portables and Personal Radios are the sensations of the radio industry. They play where most others fail. For Radios that engineers, experts and musicians choose for themselves . . . be sure to see, hear and own a Motorola!



61L11—"Playmate" 3 power Portable. Plays in Trains, Airplanes.

WR3—Wireless Automatic Record Changer. Changes ten 10" or eight 12" records.

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Get your training now as a U. S. Army Aviation Cadet!

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Above all, you will be preparing yourself for a successful career in the tremendous future expansion of aviation.

Look ahead! The first step is to *apply — today!*

★ ★ ★

men who said that they planned to order a ball specially designed for their individual grips. Abercrombie & Fitch has carrying cases, of canvas or leather, with a socket into which the ball fits, and spaces for shoes, shirt, etc. Three fifty in canvas; twelve dollars in cowhide.

If your Christmas money adds up to a sizable sum, you could make the down payment on a new car, and pray to the OPM that you get prompt delivery. A wrist watch, perhaps with a sweep second hand, is an idea. You can trust a good American make such as Elgin, Longine, or Hamilton.

Cameras will probably cost more next year and the best lenses are getting scarce. So you who want them had better hurry up. Binoculars, they tell me, are already too highly priced to be a good buy.

What about a trip? Have you been to Florida, California, Sun Valley, Mexico, South America, Hawaii? For obvious reasons, they are more fun than ever this year.

A sun lamp is a suggestion for Northerners who have to stay at home; but get a "Mark-Time" switch in case you fall asleep.

A new exerciser called "Trimflex" —the easiest I know—would help non-skiers keep in condition. Not bulky, it consists of a rubber pad on which you kneel, sit, or stand, a grip bar on rollers attached by a flexible steel ribbon to a spring arrangement. The idea is to help you stretch as animals do. The price is seventeen fifty.

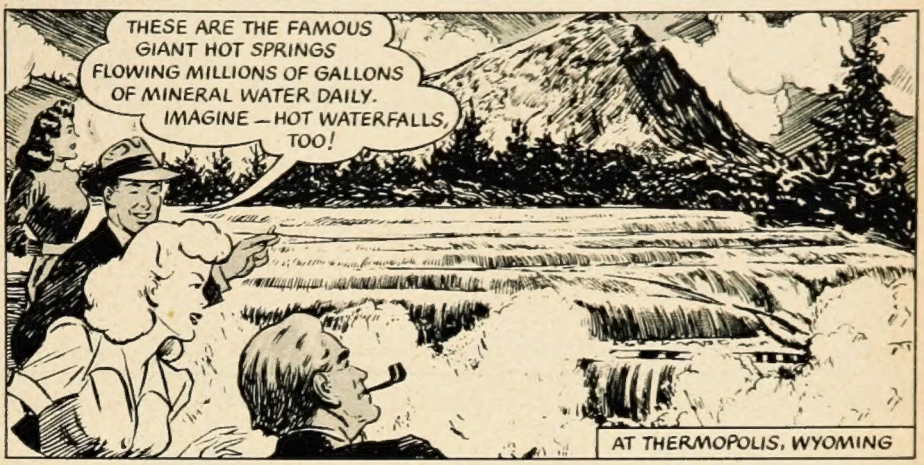
One of those small tool kits which have several instruments that fit into the handle of a clasp knife could make a son or husband more agreeable about doing odd jobs around the house. Fitted into cowhide cases, these are priced by Hoffritz from three seventy-five to sixteen fifty, depending on the number of tools.

The Bar Caddy brings us back to wassail. Chromium-plated, shaped rather like a gavel, it has a two-ounce jigger strong enough to break ice, a corkscrew concealed in the handle, and a bottle opener gouged out of the butt. Very workmanlike—one buck, and old boy Priority is making them scarce.

THE END

WONDERS OF AMERICA

Hot Waterfalls!


THESE ARE THE FAMOUS GIANT HOT SPRINGS FLOWING MILLIONS OF GALLONS OF MINERAL WATER DAILY. IMAGINE—HOT WATERFALLS, TOO!
AT THERMOPOLIS, WYOMING

BUT THE WATER IS STILL AROUND 86 DEGREES COOLER THAN DOWN INSIDE 'OLD FAITHFUL' GEYSER AT YELLOWSTONE PARK
86 DEGREES COOLER! ISN'T THAT A COINCIDENCE!
HA! HA! GUESS WE OUGHT TO HAVE A COOL-BURNING SMOKE OF P.A. ON THAT ONE

IN RECENT LABORATORY "SMOKING BOWL" TESTS, *PRINCE ALBERT* BURNED

86 DEGREES COOLER

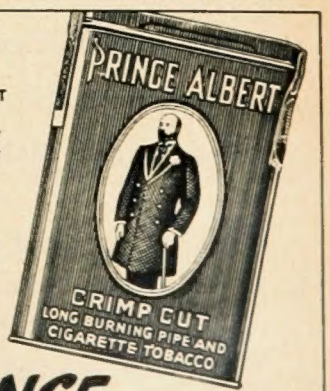
THAN THE AVERAGE OF THE 30 OTHER OF THE LARGEST-SELLING BRANDS TESTED—*COOLEST OF ALL!*

THE INDIANS BELIEVED THAT THE 'GREAT HEALING SPIRIT' LIVED IN THE VAPORS OF THE SPRINGS
SOUNDS LIKE WHAT A PIPE-SMOKER THINKS ABOUT WHEN HE SITS BACK WITH A MELLOW PIPE-LOAD OF PRINCE ALBERT, EH, DAN?

IT'S MIGHTY RIGHT, ISN'T IT—PRINCE ALBERT IS TRULY THE SMOKER'S WAY TO THE PRECIOUS COMFORT OF A REALLY MILD, YET DELIGHTFULLY TASTY SMOKE. YOU'VE GOT TO HAND IT TO THAT P.A. NO-BITE PROCESS AND CRIMP CUT!
TALKING ABOUT HANDS AND COMFORT, ROLLING P.A. IS JUST ABOUT THE EASIEST, FASTEST WAY I KNOW TO A FULL, ROUND MAKIN'S SMOKE THAT'S RICH YET EASY ON THE TONGUE!

50 PIPEFULS OF FRAGRANT TOBACCO IN EVERY HANDY POCKET TIN OF PRINCE ALBERT

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.



PRINCE ALBERT

THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

That's the situation your telephone company faces every Christmas. That's why there may be delays on some Long Distance Christmas calls.

• Last Christmas Eve and Day the wires were jammed. The switchboards were manned by regular and extra operators working all through the holiday. Long Distance telephone calls were three, five and at some places *eight* times normal.

We're glad so many folks want to exchange friendly greetings across the miles at Christmas — but sorry that, because of it, we can't supply service as good as usual.

We expect the biggest rush of calls we've ever had this coming Christmas. We'll do our best to prepare for it. But some calls will be slow. Some may not be completed. For these, we ask your patience and understanding. . . . *Thank you, and Merry Christmas!*

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

O. J. ELDER PUBLISHER • FULTON OURSLER EDITOR IN CHIEF • WALTER LLOYD ART EDITOR

Liberty

DECEMBER 20, 1941 VOL. 18, NO. 51

WE CAN STILL HOPE FOR A CHRISTMAS OF LIGHT

☆ WHEN God made the world, He said, "Let there be light." Throughout the recorded history of mankind light has been the symbol of progress and of peace. In former years, Liberty Magazine has urged that on Christmas Eve we turn on all the lights in houses, public buildings, and the streets, to celebrate our progress and our peace. In this year of our Lord 1941, the way looks dark ahead. Yet we still hope that America may blaze with light on this coming Christmas Eve.

What are the shadows on the sky line of our future?

Recently arrived is Saburo Kurusu, special envoy from the Sun God Emperor of Japan to the President of the United States. By the time you read these words his momentous conference with Mr. Roosevelt will be over and he will be on his way back to Tokyo. It is probable that he will carry with him a message, in fact a decision, that will mean war or peace between Japan and the United States.

Certainly we all pray with all our hearts that it will be peace, that an honorable way may be found by which Japan can come down off her high horse and deal honestly once more with her neighbors. If this does not happen, if the issues are joined and Japan undertakes a new campaign of aggression; if, in short, it is war, then what will happen?

Of course no one can answer that, not Hirohito on his gilded throne, not Mr. Roosevelt, nor yet Hitler. But there does exist an agreement between Japan, Italy, and Germany, a compact that provides joint action of the three nations if one of them goes to war with the United States or Great Britain.

Does that mean, then, that before Christmas we shall be fighting in the Atlantic and the Pacific?

Does that mean that our coastal cities must be darkened in anticipation of possible bombings of our cities, even token bombings, by our putative enemies—just to let our people have a whiff of actual war?

That is a dark prospect. Let us hope it is not so. Let us hope, as the holy Christmastime comes near, that still in America the lights may glow in all our cities, beacons of a peaceful people celebrating the coming of the Prince of Peace, while all the cities of Europe and the British Isles must cower with lights out. Let us hope that all our lamps will be lighted this coming Christmas Eve because, as never before, light in these times is a symbol of peace.

But let us remember also that it may be necessary for us to defend our ways of peace. If that is so, then we are strengthened by the sure knowledge that we shall be on the side of the angels who sang: "Peace on earth to men of good will."

We are a people of good will, and whatever the darkness that may lie before us, we shall remember that we meet our destiny strengthened by those principles spoken by Him who said:

"I am the light of the world."

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Will Woman's Way *Rule* Tomorrow's World?

One woman says—

The time has come for an end of booms, depressions, and wars

BY DOROTHY THOMPSON

READING TIME • 12 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

☆ I SUPPOSE everybody is aware by now that there is going to be a "next epoch." One does not have to be an expert historian to realize that a period of history is coming to an end. Oswald Spengler predicted it in The Decline of the West, which was written before the last war started, and in a later book called Hours of Decision he said that the next epoch would be one of "Caesars and World Wars." We have Caesars and World Wars with us and are asked to resign ourselves to the idea that this epoch will go on for an indefinite time.

Whatever else is at stake in the struggle now going on in the world, the great stake is simply the answer to the question: What sort of a world are we going to live in—ourselves and our children and their children?

Here in this article I propose to ask the question in a fresh way: Is it going to be a world dominated by essentially feminine ideas or essentially masculine ones? Now, please let me make myself clear. I do *not* mean dominated by men or by women. I only mean, what view of society, of the functions of the state, of the aim of people on earth is going to prevail. Will it be the idea of nations as power or the idea of nations as homes? Will it be the idea of nations as neighbors, or that of nations as competitors?

The nation as a home and the world as a neighborhood is a feminine conception. It is the only kind of world that will ever have security. But we have never had that world since the Renaissance. Nations, ever since the Renaissance, have been homes subject to considerations of power. And nations have not been neighbors, except briefly and guardedly. They have been competitors. And the result is that the world has been a jungle, and continually precarious.

Fascism started as a cult of manhood. It has always glorified the "manly" virtues, which are combativeness, strength, "honor" (meaning prestige), and power. Naturally they were geared to war and made war. They have the desire to "dominate"—a masculine urge.

But not only under Fascism but everywhere the state has been regarded primarily as an instrument of power. Inside all countries competitive groups have scrambled to get control of the state, in order to put the power of the state on their side. And nations have tried to create states that would prove efficient in warfare, and that has been the prime consideration. This scramble for power, naked or veiled, has been justified in the name of "efficiency," and we have been told it follows a "law of nature"—that in nature "dog eats dog."

Now, I submit that the law of nature has nothing to do with the laws governing the conduct of people in societies. All government, all law, all society is an attempt to overcome the laws of nature and substitute for them new human laws. The problem confronting the members of the human race is how they can live together on this planet that is their inheritance and universal home. And I submit that the time has come when What Every Woman Knows should be taken account of, and we should establish a society based on feminine principles.

For these feminine principles are the result of centuries of human experience long neglected by the founders and directors of states. These principles do not define the state as power, but insist on a return to its true definition and meaning, of "the estate," the home farm, the home factory—the home.

If the world is going to be regarded as a continual hunting, fishing, and fighting expedition—if it is to be regarded in the terms of the primitive male activities—then it will go on as it has gone on, with booms, depressions, and wars. But why keep on regarding it as such? Why not regard it, for a change, in terms of the primitive female activities—as a household? The nation as a household in a world of households?

When we do that we shall have peace. We shall never have peace until we do. We shall only have breathers between conflicts.

How is a household run?

First of all, it is a family, and it is held together by love. It is not a family of exact equals. It has its black sheep, its problem children; its members have idiosyncrasies highly irritating to other members and there are many quarrels, especially between its immature members. But it does not disinherit its members, and a persistent tradition and conscience demand that each help the other, especially in time of trouble.

That household is run on a communal system. It is, actually, the only working communism in the world. Everybody is equal in the sense that everybody is cherished. Everybody is equal in the sense that everybody shares with approximate equality the things essential to everybody—such as food, clothing, and shelter. If one member does harder work than the other, however, he is favored at the table, because he needs the most food; if one works harder with his brains, he is permitted more sleep; and any family will make sacrifices for its peculiarly gifted or peculiarly ungifted members, for the one merits more education and the other more affection and care.

The family lives within its means, if the household is well run, and attempts continually to increase those means. It attempts to increase them by its own work—not by robbing the neighbor's potato patch. Father joins the local protective society and fire brigade in order to protect his neighbor's potato patch. He joins the village improvement society.

If one family has more vegetables in its garden than it can eat, or more than mother or the cook has time to can, they give them away to the neighbors—for "good will." If a house near by catches fire, and father has some automatic fire extinguishers on hand, he rushes them over. I have never heard of a householder who refused an urgent request for a fire extinguisher on the ground that by the time the fire got down the block to his house he'd need it for himself. If he did, he would soon suffer isolation

(*Continued on page 55*)

Hitler hates her; America First reviles her; but no stop sign can halt Dorothy Thompson's ferocious forays on Nazism

Wedding

"Hi, feller," he said. "Your mother was no lady. Do you prefer assorted dog?" he asked Kay.

Gift

Rich man, poor man—what's a girl to do if the rich man is the right man after all?

BY ALICE DOUGLAS KELLY

READING TIME • 15 MINUTES 27 SECONDS

☆ KAY had lain awake all night, and at five o'clock she sat up wearily and pushed back her heavy fair hair, rubbed her tired eyes. It was perhaps as well, she thought, that she looked like a hag. If a man was to be deserted by his bride, it might take the edge off his pain to see her looking her very worst.

Kay frowned and drew a deep breath. She did not like to think of hurting Terry. But she could not help it. In less than eight hours she was due to marry Terry and, with him, his millions and the whole appalling Lonsdale connection. She couldn't face it.

Lonsdale presents already glittered in three rooms of the rambling shabby Halliday house. And Terry's own present to her, an impressive necklace of sapphires, had arrived the day before.

"They're just the color of your eyes," he had remarked amusedly of the jewels. "And even *that* doesn't make you ordinary. I'll bet you have ruby lips, too, under the lipstick, and your hair is—by gosh!—like spun gold. And still I love you." He smiled down at her. "I saw a calendar just like you when I was a boy," he said. "Probably that gave me a subconscious fixation on the pretty-pretty type."

"I have both brains and character," Kay assured him proudly. "I'm actually the mental type."

He laughed and kissed her and her doubts receded. Her doubts were apt to recede when she was with Terry. He was very good-looking in a hard, plain way. And he made her laugh and he thrilled her. But it wasn't enough, she finally decided, to offset his wretched money.

Not that she objected to money as such. She valued it, indeed, as people do who have never known what it is to have quite enough. And she liked possessions, too. She really loved the sapphires and, with them on, felt like a combination of famous beauty and courtesan of history, which is a sensation no girl despises. She definitely did not like the life the sapphires represented.

"I feel," she told her mother after she had met the Lonsdales, "as if I were marrying the heir to a throne. I acted just like a barefoot Kentucky mountain girl while I was there. All the things they thought were a riot and 'so quaint' were things we do every day, like going to diners for hamburgers and shopping at cash-and-carrys."

Harriet grinned. Even after bringing up seven children on a professor's salary she found most things funny.

"It's alien corn," she said.

"Says which?"

"'And Ruth in tears amid the alien corn,'" Harriet misquoted briskly. "The girl that Whoosits waited for for donkey's years. The homes of the rich and the noble will be your alien corn. Do you remember what Ruth did about it?"

"I do not. *You're* the minister's daughter."

"She said, 'Thy gods shall be my gods,'" Harriet again misquoted. She smiled at her daughter, her still handsome face reassuring. "If you and Terry have the same gods you'll be all right."

"Oh, well, I don't know," Kay said dubiously. "Terry is Episcopalian, if anything, but I don't believe he cares whether I . . ."

"I mean material 1941 marriage gods," her mother interrupted. "You could be a Holy Roller and Terry a follower of Father Divine, if you both agreed about white and black lies, where to go for vacations, and how to bring up children."

"'S interesting," Kay said politely and absently. "Look, Hattie. Didn't you ever have any misgivings about marrying a poor man and coming East?"

"Of course I did," Harriet answered. "But doubts about the man you love are like labor pains: You forget them for joy that a marriage is born and has a good chance of surviving. And, speaking of marriage, Faith has bought you a surprise."

"Good Lord!" Kay eyed her mother apprehensively.

Harriet giggled. "Place cards for the bridal table," she said. "Kewpies, naked, except for a veil on the bride and a top hat on the bridegroom, and they're on fat pink hearts with mottoes."

"Mottoes?" Kay echoed faintly.

"You know—'Come my love and fly with me,' 'Safe at last,' and I'm almost sure there's one that says, 'May all your troubles be little ones.' What'll we do? I hate to hurt the child's feelings, but I can see the Lonsdales swooning as one man."

"Let 'em swoon," Kay said briefly. "We'll use the cards."

It was perhaps her little sister's present which, with the puppy, finally cast the balance in Kay's mind against the marriage. They were both symbolic of the careless, nonsensical, and dear existence she was leaving.

She shivered. She was to meet Hank by the pond at six, and she got up and slipped into slacks, sneaks, and a faded sweater. They were to have a picnic breakfast, and there she would tell Hank that he *was* the man she should marry, after all. She felt miserable. It was, she was wretchedly aware, too late, from the point of view of decency, to call off the wedding.

She despised herself for it, but not enough to weaken.

She began to feel a little sorry for herself too. She had been perfectly happy until the skid of Terry's car had thrown him, complete with concussion, almost on the Halliday doorstep. Since then she had not been happy. Excited, thrilled, and occasionally ecstatic, but not happy. And yet she would not have missed knowing Terry.

But he had upset her life. There was Hank, ambitious hard-working young artist whom she had supposed she would some day marry. And there were her dreams of a little house with wide fireplaces and friendly neighbors and babies to be cared for. The house that Lonsdale père was giving Terry for a wedding present had twenty rooms and a wing for nurseries and nurses' quarters.

It wasn't that Terry put on airs. On the contrary, he adapted himself with effortless ease and obvious enjoyment to the haphazard Halliday existence. And Kay became more and more aware of him and increasingly stirred by his nearness, his charm, and the glint of combined ardor and mischief which came into his eyes when he looked at her. He always insisted that her brothers and sisters had hustled him into proposing to Kay. "They put me in a position where a gentleman could do no less," he told them pompously.

They had all been in the kitchen when it happened . . . Faith, Jim, and Red, the unholy three; big good-natured Peter; Sylvia, a beauty at fifteen; and Ikey, the baby, named after a Yankee great-grandfather, Isaiah; genial gray-haired Professor Halliday and Harriet, home from a dull tea, and exhausted from the strain of exchanging platitudes.

"I will not get any dinner," she said. "Those darned high heels have left my ankles wobbling and you'd be surprised at the welts my girdle has made!"

So they all raided the ice chest and

If a man was to be deserted by his bride, it might take the edge off his pain to see her looking her very worst.

Sylvia made herself a dainty sandwich of peanut butter and cream cheese and jam on a bun.

"Somebody gave that caviar to dad and nobody likes it," she remarked. "You can have it, Terry. I suppose you have it for breakfast at home."

"Except when I have jellied cocks' combs," Terry answered gravely.

"Well, you *are* gosh-awful rich, aren't you?" Red inquired.

"If it's a quarter you want . . ." Terry fished in his pocket.

"Oh, no," Red said hastily, as he caught his mother's cold glance. "Nothing like that. I just thought if you *were* rich it would be swell if you married Kay—if you liked her, of course," he added generously—"because then it would all be in the family. See?" He beamed seraphically.

"Redmond Chatterton Halliday!" Harriet exclaimed in an awful voice.

But Terry checked her.

"Wait, Harriet dear," he said. "The boy has something there. I'm under obligations to you and the professor here. And if it will relieve you for me to take Kay off your hands, I'll do it. It's not going to be easy, I know, for you to get rid of a snaggle-toothed, flat-chested spinster like her, and I stand ready, at whatever cost to myself—"

"I think," Kay said in a stifled voice, "that you're positively the darnedest fool. Well, for heaven's sake!"

Terry had kissed her firmly in front of her interested family. Professor Halliday said mildly, "Reticence seems quite out of date, doesn't it?" And that was that.

Followed weeks of Terry and of Terry's charming love-making and his generosity. Followed also Hank, alternately strong and silent and frantic and pleading. Followed the beginning of all the misgivings. Marriage to Terry didn't add up to companionship or usefulness or peace.

"Could I help you with those model tenements you're talking about?" she asked him tentatively one day.

"You could go over the plans with me," he said dubiously. "But I wouldn't want you to see the buildings I'm replacing. They'd harrow you. Why not try war relief or something that doesn't smell?"

"I'm not a *doll*," Kay protested.

"Nor a toy nor a bird in a gilded cage," Terry agreed. "But I like you pretty well and I don't want you to come in contact with unpleasantness."

"Unpleasantness is real," Kay persisted.

"So is pleasantness. But do what you like. If you want to inspect tenements, I'll see that you have tenements to inspect. But how come? I didn't know you did social work."

And of course she didn't. That effort would be as synthetic as any other she could make to be a working partner to Terry. She was silent.

"Do you know," Terry said interestedly, "with the sunlight on your hair you look exactly like an angel on an Easter card. Isn't that revolting?"

And Kay laughed, but she felt a funny emptiness inside her.

The puppy was in a pet shop. Kay and Terry had repaired, after an overdose of Lonsdales, to an obscure little cocktail place.

"Most of my relatives," Terry said, "should be stuffed and mounted. But, since that isn't practicable, I find that alcohol inside *me* takes the worst curse off *them*."

Kay had never loved Terry so much as she did that afternoon. And for once he was serious, and he said, "If I don't make you happy, darling, I hope some one will shoot me. Will you be happy?"

And meeting his anxious eyes, Kay had forgotten her visions of stuffy dinners and interminable card parties with snooty partners and had said:

"Of course I'll be happy."

And for the moment had believed it.

Later that afternoon they wandered downtown, and in the pet-shop window the puppy stood on his hind legs, pressed his mushy little face against the glass, wagged his ridiculous tail, and Kay had clutched Terry's arm excitedly.

"Isn't he lovely?" she said. "Oh, I *want* him!"

Terry tapped amiably upon the window.

"Hi, feller," he said. "Your mother was no lady. Do you prefer assorted dog?" he asked Kay with amusement. "I could get you any one of the five breeds he comes from, all by itself in one dog, you know."

"He's not exactly a prize winner," Kay admitted lifelessly.

She turned away from the window and the puppy howled. That showed her what a fool she had been to imagine she could be a Lonsdale. The Lonsdales didn't have mongrels. They didn't have anything simple and in bad taste and middle class and easy to get along with. They'd never assimilate Kay and she could never be even a carbon copy of them. And life was pretty bleak anyway.

☆ THE clock on Grace Church struck six and she powdered her nose, put Terry firmly out of her mind, and went out to meet Hank. He was cooking fish over coals by the pond, and he looked solid and dependable and his face lighted up at the sight of her. There was a flat square package on the ground beside him. Kay knew that it was the picture of the Halliday house she had asked him to paint for a wedding present.

He held out his arms to her, but she shook her head.

"Not now," she said. "Goodness, that coffee smells grand!"

"I hoped you'd tell me you'd changed your mind," Hank said wistfully. "You'd be so much happier with me, darling."

Now was the time to tell him, but instead, Kay sat down and opened the square package with a look of pleased anticipation. This changed presently to blankness as she gazed at the assortment of coin silver spoons inside the box.

"These are lovely," she said slowly. "But you were going to give me the picture."

"Oh, that!" Hank filled two cups with coffee and came to sit beside her. "I can paint a picture for you any time," he said. "But I don't want Terry's crowd to think I'm so broke I can't buy you a present. That's not the way to get commissions. If those stuffed shirts think you *need* work, they won't give it to you." He brought out this gem with perfect seriousness. "Kay darling," he added, "you've got to marry me. It's only money that gives Lonsdale his glamour." Kay gave a little choking laugh at this and Hank took her free hand. "I need you," he said. "You inspire me. And with your father's contacts and with Lonsdale's we can get practically everywhere." He smiled into her eyes. "And, incidentally," he said, "if you *do* decide to make me the happiest man on earth . . . and you *must!* . . . we'd better keep our feeling for each other from Lonsdale until he gets over the blow of losing you a little."

"That's nice of you," Kay conceded.

"Yes, and it's only sensible. And I thought, too," Hank said, "that I'd give Terry that portrait I did of you."

"I thought you didn't ever want to part with it," Kay said casually.

"I hate to," Hank assured her. "But if it will keep Lonsdale from being so mad he won't give me introductions . . . You see how important that is."

"Yes, I can see."

Kay half finished her coffee and stood up. Hank stood beside her.

"You're worn out," he said. "You were just swept off your feet. Oh, Kay, say you'll marry me."

"Please." Kay pushed him away. "I haven't decided."

She wondered if she could *ever* make up her mind; wondered if she had any mind to make up. Hank seemed so different and she felt as if somebody had hit her in the pit of the stomach.

"I know it's bad luck to see the bride on her wedding morning," a cheerful voice sounded near her. "But I'm brave, I am." Terry came out of the woods and smiled at Kay and at Hank. "I brought you your real present, my little cabbage," he said, "and on this, your lucky day, when all your dreams are coming true and—"

THE AUTHOR

Alice Douglas Kelly, born in Rhode Island, was educated abroad and at private schools in this country. She studied dramatics in Paris and was on the stage for five years. She has been writing for ten years, has five children, and lives on Cape Cod because she likes to be surrounded by ocean.

Kay interrupted him. She ran to him, scattering coffee cups. He had brought the puppy out from under his coat and he handed it thankfully to her.

"It has rotten habits," he complained. "And if you think he was easy to describe over the phone . . ."

Kay clutched the plushy small beast to her as if it were a long-lost child.

"How did you know I was here?" she asked irrelevantly.

"I happened to overhear Mayhew inviting you to this sylvan repast," he explained. "And as there's nothing I like better than lapping coffee off pine needles," he glanced downward at the scattered cups, "and as Rover here woke me promptly at four . . . You like the little horror?"

He put his arm tightly around Kay, who had her head on his shoulder and was, for no good reason, crying steadily.

"Like it . . ." Kay raised a wet mussy face to look at him. She clung with one hand to his coat as if she were afraid he might escape. And as she looked at Hank, her heart smote her. But her doubts were over. There was only one thing she could do for him. She said, "Hank is giving us all that lovely silver, Terry. And I thought you might find him some portraits to do."

"Surely," Terry answered with great cordiality. "If you have the strength, Mayhew, there are numbers of my friends and relations who, for inscrutable reasons, like to have their features reproduced. I think the fish is burning."

Hank incinerated the breakfast.

"Good-by, Kay," he said mournfully. But through the real pain in his voice Kay heard the echoes of elation. "Shall I write you about the portraits?" he asked Terry.

"Do," Terry said warmly. "Do."

He and Kay walked slowly homeward through the fragrance of the early morning, and the puppy bounced between their feet and did his best to impede their progress.

Kay said presently:

"Isn't wealth a burden sometimes?"

There was no laughter in Terry's face as he answered:

"A dreadful burden, and all mixed up with so damn much loneliness and bitterness and hatred. And also," the mocking gleam came back into his eyes, "those dinners and musicales and bridge parties to which you are so looking forward." Kay flushed brightly and he went on: "However, you *can* escape from those to the simple life. It's not so easy to get away from a husband who bores you. I," he added modestly, "will never bore you."

☆ KAY'S flush grew deeper. He had known everything. He had come to rescue her. And he had a burden for her to share. She stopped and picked up the pup.

"He doesn't look much like a god, does he?" she asked.

"His stomach bears a faint resemblance to Cupid's," Terry said. "Is this whimsey?"

Kay didn't answer. Her embarrassment had left her, and with it, every other emotion except a calm, deep, and sure love. She laughed.

"Listen," she said. "Speaking of Cupid! Wait till you see the place cards Faith's bought us. And last night the unholy three got at the wedding cake."

She chatted on contentedly. She had awakened from nightmare. She was perfectly happy. Just before they reached the house, Terry bent to kiss her and swore lustily when Cupid licked him in the eye.

THE END

More Women in Hitler's Li

READING TIME • 14 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

Renate, the movie star . . The story of a beauty's tragic fate

BY CURT RIESS

☆ THE maid had tried several times to explain to the SS officer that Miss Renate Mueller could not see him now. That after a day at the studio she was very tired.

But the officer stubbornly shook his head. "It's personal; I've got to talk to her."

Finally Renate had to receive him.

The man cleared his throat. "The Führer has seen some of your pictures. He has expressed the wish to meet you."

The following night Renate Mueller told the story to some friends of hers in a Berlin night club. "Imagine," she laughed. "He really said 'the Führer.' I thought the man was mad, coming into my apartment in that crazy uniform of his. . . ."

Everybody laughed with her. Only one man was rather serious. He said, "I can't laugh about it. I'm afraid some day none of us will laugh about it."

The man who talked thus was Frank Deutsch, the man who was in love with Renate Mueller.

That was in 1931, almost two years before Hitler came to power. Then Renate Mueller was the coming movie star of the UFA, Germany's leading moving-picture company. She was a beautiful girl, tall, not too slender, blonde. She had a charming smile, and as for her legs, those who should know said they were more beautiful than Marlene Dietrich's. Perhaps she wasn't too much of an actress. But she was ambitious. She wanted to become Germany's outstanding star.

Otherwise, she would perhaps have married Frank Deutsch. He was very good-looking, elegant, and extremely rich. His father had been, with Walther Rathenau, one of the directors of the AEG, Germany's outstanding electric utility company. His mother, Lilly, a sister of Otto H. Kahn, had made her home one of the centers of Berlin society during the times of the Weimar Republic. It was there that Renate met Frank. In the beginning the little love affair was nothing more than an affair between a wealthy young man and a beautiful actress—something that used to happen often in Berlin.

It was to become something more—much more.

Renate met Hitler for the first time in the fall of 1932. She was on location near the Danish coast. For a few weeks she lived in a small house near the resort. One day—apparently by chance—Hitler's car passed the spot where the picture was being shot. Of course it wasn't by chance at all. At that time the president of the UFA was in close contact with the Nazis.

Hitler watched the shooting of the picture all day long, and during the evening dropped in at Renate's house.

She chattered about this visit to many friends.

"It was really so funny," she said. "He sat there, not moving at all, looking at me all the time, and then he would take my hand in his and would look some more. He talked all the time—just nonsense. I haven't been made love to that way since I was fifteen and my boy friends were seventeen. Yes, that was really all."

But it wasn't all. What she did not tell anybody then, and what she probably did not even admit to herself, was that she was afraid of Hitler. He had done nothing but hold her hand and whisper a few words into her ear, but somehow she was afraid of him. There was something unwholesome about this man.

A few months later Hitler had taken power.

Frank Deutsch decided immediately to leave Germany. Renate thought it was because he was Jewish. "But they won't do anything against people like you," she protested.

He wasn't so sure, he said. But even if it were so, he didn't feel up to living in a country that would be governed by those Nazis. He would go to Paris first, later to London and perhaps to America.

That last evening Frank asked Renate to come with him. They could get married in Switzerland.

She shook her head. At that time she did not yet realize that Frank was the great love of her life. She wanted to go on making pictures, having success after success.

"This whole Hitler business won't take more than a few months," she told Frank. "Then you'll be back."

She did have success. Within less than a year she had become the leading moving-picture star of Germany. Her income rose to dizzying heights. She was popular; she had automobiles; she had a beautiful house in Berlin's most elegant suburb, Dahlem.

But she wasn't happy.

Only now that Frank was away did she realize that it had been more than a brief pleasant affair. Every night she telephoned him in Paris or London. Those telephone conversations sometimes went on for hours, despite Frank's insistence on cutting them short. He was afraid the Gestapo might be curious.

She missed Frank terribly. But there was something else. Once she said to a friend, "I'm afraid. . . . I don't know why, but I'm afraid."

Nazi Germany's exalt glamour boy, Hitler name, whip in hand. right: Renate Muell the lovely movie st whose suicide resul ed from his attentio

She didn't see Hitler during those days. But he saw her, without her knowledge.

It is no secret that Hitler's passion for movies did not diminish after his rise to power. We know that during the '20s he had infuriated his asso-

ciates because he would sit for hours at the movies while important work piled up on his desk. But now he didn't go to the movies any more; the movies came to him. He had a small private theater built in the Chancellery, and whenever he was in Berlin he spent part of the night in it.

Often, when an actress in some movie pleased him, he decided he would like to meet her. It was thus that many unimportant actresses had to appear in the Chancellery. To name just a few, there were Jenny Jugo and the Russian dancer Tatjana Riabouchinska. There was Maria Paudler, a gifted actress who, after three visits to the Chancellery, was hardly ever heard of again. And there was Jutta Freybe, so utterly lacking in talent that Hitler had to insist to the UFA that she be given parts.

Hitler was especially fond of Renate Mueller's pictures, which, in fact, were much better than those of the actresses mentioned. Probably, too, Renate was more his type. She was a very German type, resembling Göring's wife in her blonde statuesqueness. Hitler asked for her pictures over and over again.

Whenever she could manage, Renate would go abroad. She went to London, Paris, the Riviera—wherever Frank was. These were brief interludes, but they were full of happiness. Now she knew that she never should have let him go away alone. Now she knew she loved this man more than anything else. But wasn't it too late?

A hundred times he asked her not to return to Berlin, but she just shook her head. "It won't take much longer. And then you can come back."

She was too ambitious. She couldn't give up her career. And still, wasn't she happier than ever here, far away from the cameras, in the little restaurant on the Riviera? Once she said, "I think I'm crazy. I know perfectly well that nobody here knows me. But I can't get over the feeling that somebody is watching me—following me."

Frank laughed. "The Gestapo has other worries than having you shadowed."

He was mistaken. At that time she was already being watched by the Gestapo whenever she left Germany.

Once Göring invited her to lunch. He came to the point right away. "The Führer wants to meet you."

She wanted to say that the Führer had already met her, but stopped. Evidently Hitler didn't want that known. Göring went on, "You must be nice to him, you know." He was quite open with her. He told her he was tired of all the little scandals that invariably followed upon the visits of unimportant movie actresses to the Chancellery or to Berchtesgaden. He pointed out that hardly any of those girls visited the Führer more than once. And he was of the opinion that Renate would do better.

Her surprise was even greater when the next day Goebbels appeared. "I'm happy to inform you that the Führer has taken great interest in you," he told her. He was not as confiding as Göring, and he didn't tell her the reasons for his own interest. But it was an open secret then that Goebbels was frantically looking for a woman who would distract Hitler's attention from the one woman whose influence Goebbels feared: Leni Riefenstahl. . . .

Renate was officially introduced to Hitler at a ball sponsored by the Berlin press. She was taken to the Führer's box. He exchanged a few words with her. It was just another introduction, and she felt much better afterward. "If this is all, it's all right," she sighed with relief.

But it wasn't all. A few days later she was invited to a party at the Chancellery. During the whole evening Hitler hardly seemed to realize that she was there. Only, when everybody was leaving, he held her back. "I should like to show you the other rooms," he said.

Hitler really did take her through all the rooms of the Chancellery. He took pride in showing her the changes and improvements he had made, which she thought childish. Then he wanted her to admire his tails. "You know, I never had evening clothes before I came to power." He even showed her his silk socks, for the

(*Continued on page 47*)

Any One Can Ski

A Millionaire Sport Goes Democratic

COURTESY NEW HAVEN RR.

Mechanics, millionaires, kids, and matrons—they take to ski-train weekends. This is the start of a day on the near-by slopes of a village.

COURTESY NEW HAVEN RR.

America is just learning how to ski . . . so almost every slope has a group like this where would-be snowbirds learn principles of skiing.

The novices take a workout on "amateur hill." Plenty of good company, since each year brings more enthusiasts who are beginners.

COURTESY NEW HAVEN RR.

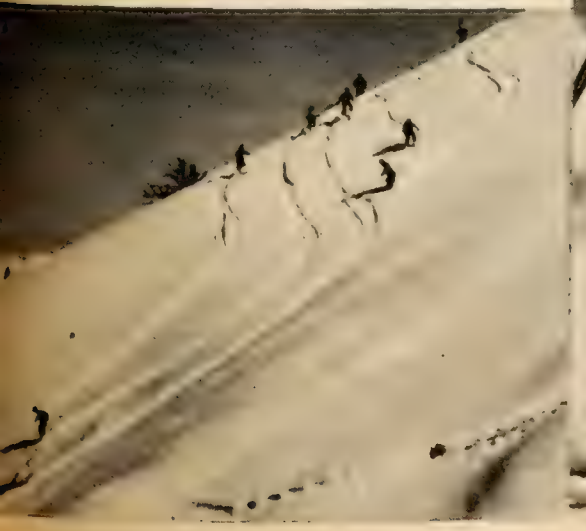
It takes skill to come downhill. It takes skill, wind, and hard muscles to "herringbone" your way to the top of a long run. A sure slenderizer.

COURTESY CANADIAN PACIFIC RR.

It takes more than ten easy lessons to do this: Making a turn at a terrific rate of speed.

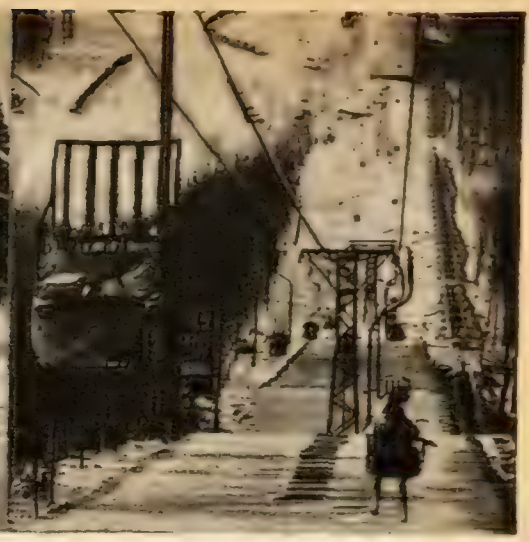
wooping down over a beautiful trail . . . but heaven elp the skier who keeps his eyes on the scenery!

BLACK STAR.



COURTESY CANADIAN PACIFIC RR.

Hang on to the rope and up you go. Ski tows save your time and muscles.



COURTESY CANADIAN PACIFIC RR.

For luxury, go to the top in a chair lift. There are several in U. S.

Yes, you can get a dandy sunburn when skiing. Dressed for sun-drenched slopes

SUN VALLEY

☆ CAITLIN RYAN, seventeen, leaves a convent school in Boston in 1832 to marry Beuchleigh Preswald, just graduated from Harvard. Bishop Brady, who was a boyhood friend of Caitlin's late father, Shamus Ryan, turns over her inheritance to Buck, who with it and some money of his own buys cotton land on the lower Mississippi.

With a gang of Paddies—Irish laborers whose contracts Buck has bought—the young couple go west by the Canal and start down the Mississippi on a river boat. They quarrel when Caitlin insists on going to the lower deck to minister to two injured Paddies. A Southern lady, Buck says, looks after her slaves but not after rough white men. Caitlin reminds him that she isn't a Southern lady, but a Mick, like her father, that the Paddies are her people and that her money is tied up in them. Buck, hurt at her mention of money, proceeds to get drunk and lose a great deal of it in a poker game.

Caitlin swung him her deepest curtsy. "Now, I'm sorry, your Highness, but my contract won't let me," she said.

Buck continues to drink and play cards until he loses all except the Paddies' labor contracts to Jim Blake, an ex-mathematics teacher who has become a River gambler. Blake needs the money he can get for those contracts to start a gambling house in New Orleans; Buck needs the money he has lost to go on with his cotton-growing venture. It is all or nothing for both of them. Blake finally consents to gamble on the toss of a coin —Buck's losses against the labor contracts. Buck loses, and shoots himself.

Dan Bedford, on his way to Memphis after his first year at Yale, is in love with Caitlin and wants to ask her to go home with him to his mother. But Coolin, a Paddy who has constituted himself Caitlin's watchdog, refuses to let Dan see her. Blake, however, has better luck. Caitlin, hating him, receives him in her cabin because she must know where she stands. She has only fifty dollars—and she knows now that she is going to have a baby.

Blake needs her signature to get legal possession of the labor contracts. She refuses to sign. Then he proposes that she become a partner in his New Orleans gambling house and entertain the patrons by singing. Caitlin accepts for her unborn child's sake.

"You understand," says Blake, "that you will not be reputable in New Orleans."

"Yes," says Caitlin. And the die is cast.

PART THREE—THE HOUSE WITH THE SHUTTERED WINDOWS

☆ IN the year that Caitlin was born, New Orleans had been a charming village of some eight thousand. In that same year Andrew Jackson changed all that. He met an army of British regulars with a curious

army of individualists. A few gaunt, powder-blackened regiments of the American line, who had been licked by the British everywhere. Upriver riflemen downriver on the chance of a fight. Creole élégants (hard to discipline but happy to fight at the drop of a cocked hat). Baratarian pirates from the bayous. Somehow Andrew Jackson had welded them into a force that cut the finest troops in Europe, the veterans of Waterloo, to pieces.

Europe began to see that these Americans were a power to be reckoned with—or at least conciliated. Europe, in the way of trade, had begun to pour money and goods into New Orleans.

Now, in the early 1830s, a roaring city of a hundred thousand or more had grown up around the discreet old houses of the French Quarter. Some of the old Creole families had moved with the times—others, unable to cope with changing conditions, had been forced out. A few hung on doggedly, but in the main the French Quarter had begun to take on a new significance.

There was nothing blatant about this new significance. The houses were quiet, shuttered. The guests wore evening clothes. But the lamps burned late, and from behind the shuttered windows came the click of chips, the tinkle of glasses, music, women's laughter, a little strident. Luxury was the keynote—and fun.

For a year Jim Blake had had his eye on a house in Royal Street—an old, discreet house with a blank front and shuttered windows to face the street. Inside, great cool rooms with parquetry floors, crystal chandeliers, elaborate ceilings and cornices. In the back a garden, walled against prying eyes. He had an idea that Madame Lautrec would sell for just a little more than it was worth.

Mississippi Belle

The widow in black, the flaming girl at Blake's . . She couldn't lead both lives!

BY CLEMENTS RIPLEY

☆ CAITLIN drew great breaths of New Orleans.

When she had been a little girl, Boston wharves were crowded with tall ships. They brought spices and silk and fish and tea—and bananas. An active little girl, daring the licking she was bound to get later, could slip down to the wharves and smell the strange foreign smells. And maybe a grinning sailor would toss her a banana. Never, while she lived, would Caitlin smell or taste bananas or cloves or cinnamon without it all coming back to her—even to the aftermath, across mother's lap, petticoats up and pantalets down, and the hairbrush pursuing its terrible course. And explaining, after, between sobs, that the wharves smelled like the pictures in her geography book.

All New Orleans smelled like the geography pictures, and there was a banana tree in the garden back of the house with real little bananas on it! Caitlin never saw it without wanting to rub her backside.

But the house! There were many bigger houses in Boston—more dignified houses. But this was foreign—utterly new and different. And she owned half of it!

She found herself with decided ideas about decoration. She found herself busy—so busy, in fact, that she was sometimes shocked to find herself going for hours on end without a thought of Buck. That was awful, she knew—but twenty minutes later she would be battling over colors with the painter or fighting a shopkeeper over the price of drapery.

She fought Blake, too; they began their clashes almost from the first.

Blake knew what the dimensions of the game rooms should be, and how he wanted them arranged. So much space for the roulette tables, and the little tables for drinks that went around them—spill a drink on a game cloth and it's expensive. Blackjack—four layouts. (Blackjack, if the dealer was straight, gave the house very little edge, but people liked it.) Faro was his particular joy—without brace boxes, it just about put the percentages even.

"But then won't the player win sometimes?" Caitlin was puzzled.

"Not in the long run. He's up against a machine. The average player says, 'I'll play till I've lost so much!' If he said, 'I'll play till I've won so much!' no house in the world could beat him consistently. But he doesn't; he plays it back in."

"But if the player is bound to lose anyhow, why wouldn't it be—well, really kinder in the end—"

"To use gimmicks and get it quicker? Mrs. Preswald, I've given up trying to explain the house percentages to you on a straight game. Your part is to handle the music and dancing and the service. And to sing. And to see that the girls who come in behave. Mine is to run the gambling—"

"I know," Caitlin said reasonably. "But then why not stick to games where you say we get more—like roulette? If we didn't have to have quite so *many* faro layouts there'd be more room for the dancing and supper rooms!"

"All right—all right!" Blake would finally seethe with exasperation. "Decorate the dance room any way you please! Move it into the game room and make it pretty! Knock out a couple of faro games—what do we care for a couple of hundred dollars a night? . . . But one thing is sure, Mrs. Preswald. In what little gam-

bling house is left to me there is going to be a brass spittoon within range of anybody who wants to spit. And there are going to be no gimmicks!"

☆ CAITLIN had started this thing under the drive of loneliness, bewilderment, and stark fear. But in the month since she had become half owner of the house—a month of desperate planning and overseeing in preparation for the opening night—something had taken hold of her. She had never owned anything or bossed anything before. She was—horrified, she had to admit it at moments—she was having a good time. And it got steadily more exciting right up to the opening.

One of the high lights was buying Coolin a dress suit. The other Paddies had gone their ways, working out their passage and their destinies in the new land. But Coolin had taken his little bundle under his arm and followed her ladyship as a matter of course. Argument was wasted. Coolin had joined his fortunes to his mistress' and there was no use telling him anything else.

As a matter of fact, Blake agreed readily enough. If she thought she could handle him, he told Caitlin, Coolin would be very useful as a chucker out.

The dress suit came two days before the opening. Blake had balked about buying the stovepipe hat—a chucker out stayed inside the house. And in this house men would take off their hats.

Caitlin had seen Coolin's face when the dress suit was being tried on at the tailor shop. She said, "I will buy Coolin a stovepipe hat—so!"

"With what, Mrs. Preswald? Our funds are in partnership."

"With the fifty damn dollars was left me after you got your percentages. That's fifty dollars you didn't get, Mr. Blake—"

"Oh, heavens—don't start again! We'll buy him a hat. You're right; we may want to send him out on errands."

Coolin went up to his little cubbyhole under the eaves. He put on the suit. When he came down, Caitlin was just coming in, with a black boy carrying a big bundle behind her.

Coolin was standing in front of one of the big French mirrors in the hall. He turned slowly, keeping his face to the mirror, his eyes rapt. "Swallytails," he murmured.

He heard Caitlin's step. He turned and saw her. He went fiery red, with a silly smile.

She said, "Wait—wait, Coolin! Now *wait!* Ye'll have to tie your tie different! Stand still!" She yanked his tie into place. "Now look at yourself in the mirror—"

She whirled on the black boy with the package. "Give me that."

She ripped the package open. There was a green bag inside, tied with tape. She got the knot loose with her teeth. She handed Coolin the hat. She had to put it on him.

A terrible thing happened. Coolin looked at himself in the mirror—swallowtail coat, boiled shirt, four-foot tie—hat! Suddenly his big ape face broke up into bits. He said, "Your ladyship—ah, your ladyship—sure I never thought—sure, your ladyship—I don't know what to say!"

He went down on his two knees before her. He picked up the hem of her dress in his big hands. She was scared, but all he did was kiss the hem and let it go. "Ah, God bless your ladyship—sure a hat like that—"

Caitlin escaped into her own room.

It was hard to get the dress suit off Coolin in the next two days. It was impossible to get the hat off him. He climbed ladders, he lifted great weights of furniture, he did everything anywhere. And betweenwhiles he looked at himself in the hall mirrors in the hat.

The choice of a name for Caitlin precipitated another argument. Preswald she wouldn't use—it belonged to Buck and Buck's baby. Blake, for once, agreed with her there. Preswald was stiff, he said. What did she have in mind?

Caitlin had given the matter a lot of thought. "Mademoiselle Hortense de La Rue," she told him.

He looked at her. "My heaven! Every ten-cent strumpet on Gallatin Street—"

Caitlin gave her second choice. If she couldn't be flash, she could be dignified and romantic. "Rowena Montressor."

"With the map of Ireland on your face? And singing wild-Irish songs?"

Coolin, who happened to be carrying one end of a grand piano through the room at the moment, set it down, thus giving the four men on the other end a breathing spell. "Your ladyship," he said shyly, "begging your pardon, ma'am, what name was on your ladyship before marriage?"

"Ryan was my name. Caitlin Ryan."

"Now that's a very fine name, your ladyship—a king's name, no less. For didn't a man once show me the Great O'Ryan himself spread in glory across the heavens, and it a starry night? A fighting man, your ladyship—"

Blake snapped his fingers. "He's got it! Caitlin—no, they might mispronounce that. . . . Kate! Kate Ryan!"

☆ SO that was Kate Ryan of Blake's—Kate Ryan, who stopped the play in the game rooms on the opening night with her singing of the old songs, and who was never let to sing more than three songs in a night thereafter because it ruined business. (That was the tradition that Blake skillfully built up about her—and did it in six weeks. If you weren't at Blake's at exactly twelve, or one, or two, you didn't hear Kate Ryan.)

Once visiting royalty, for whom New Orleans had turned out *en fête,* commanded a second encore. . . . Caitlin swung him her deepest curtsy. "Now I'm very sorry, your Highness, but my contract won't let me. Let you go lose some money at the tables, your Highness—that's what they're for. And in an hour I'll sing again." The story that was around New Orleans twenty-four hours later related that royalty had kissed her and been ringingly slapped, and had then kissed her hand and waited the hour. The story did nothing to hurt the popularity of Blake's.

But that came later—much later. For now Caitlin was something new to New Orleans—a slim girl, seeming to grow out of her green dress like a flower, singing the old songs that made you choke and blow your nose.

For herself, Caitlin found herself swept into a life that bewildered her, scared her, fascinated her. In the Orange Street house in Boston there had been her father, Shamus Ryan, the Big Mick, between her and the world—and mother and the hairbrush as a corrective. Life was simple there, and happy. In the convent the wings of the great white dove were about her. Safe she was! If she rebelled—and Caitlin came of rebellious folk—soon or late the great white wings closed over you and held you safe. Warm. Happy.

Then Buck! Oh, you couldn't make any sense of that Buck, any way you tried it! Nights in New York—days and nights on the Canal—then the queer, delicious delight of the stateroom on the river boat, with the doll-baby beds and the ripples of the River reflected like fish scales all over the white ceiling. . . . Ah, Buck—Buck! But you oughtn't to have left me like that, Buck! Buck, I wouldn't have left you so. . . . Oh, Buck, we could have been so happy!

☆ BUT that was done. The past was past. The future she wouldn't think about. Not yet. But the present was here. It was all around her. There were the girls who came in to dance and drink with the patrons—those girls Mr. Blake had tried so carefully to explain to her.

It was her business to see that they were quiet, decorous, attractive, well behaved so long as they were in the house. To see that no nonsense went on in the supper rooms or on the dance floor. What they might do outside the house was no affair of Caitlin's. Blake had pointed out to her that this was a gambling house, not a brothel or a house of assignation. (Whatever that meant.)

Caitlin came to know every high-class prostitute in New Orleans. She was afraid of them at first. She found that they were stupid, kindly girls who didn't have sense enough to be anything but what they were. It was a business, like any other business. It took less brains and was more fun than sewing or being a clerk or schoolteaching or housework.

One thing in common they had—a total inability to think three days ahead. Caitlin let out a couple of eyelets in her corset lacing and thought three months ahead. Lucky that the styles hid a baby until you practically had it.

(*Continued on page 44*)

Bomber Command

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"On the control towers they watch for the first sign of returning aircraft."

Liberty presents a condensation, complete in this issue, of England's great best seller —the Air Ministry's stirring official account of the 1939-1941 offensive against the Axis

READING TIME ● 34 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

☆ SOME ten minutes before eleven o'clock on the morning of Sunday, September 3, 1939, a number of high officers and civil servants had gathered together in a room in Richmond Terrace, Whitehall, awaiting a message. The Secretary to the Cabinet entered. "Gentlemen," he said, "we are at war with Germany. The Prime Minister directs that the 'War Telegram' be dispatched immediately."

Relayed through Group Headquarters, the telegram reached the Commander of the Royal Air Force Station at Wyton. Upon the airdrome, waiting to take off, was a Blenheim of Bomber Command. Three men were standing by—the pilot, the observer, who was a naval officer, and an air gunner. They had been waiting since September 1, the day on which the Germans launched their attack on Poland. A minute after noon the Blenheim was air-borne. Some two hours later its crew were busy photographing units of the German Fleet, then on its way out of Wilhelmshaven. It was flying at 24,000 feet. The wire-

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"A new form of assault has worked well." After this daylight raid, the bomb crews reported damage to an airdrome. Bombs can be seen dropping.

less set froze, so that it was not until 4.50 in the afternoon, when the aircraft returned, that Bomber Command and the Admiralty became aware of the position of the war's first target. That evening an entry appeared in the logbook of the squadron: "Duty successful. 75 photos taken of German Fleet. The first R. A F. aircraft to cross the German frontier."

On the next day, as the result of a second reconnaissance, the German cruiser Leipzig was discovered near the entrance to Wilhelmshaven, four destroyers in the Jade Bay, and two warships at Brunsbüttel at the western end of the Kiel Canal. Twenty-nine Blenheims and Wellingtons took off in the afternoon to attack these units of the German Fleet.

There was heavy rain and low cloud over all that part of the coasts of Germany. Though many of our aircraft went astray, five Blenheims, carrying 500-pound bombs fused for a delay of eleven seconds, flew up the Schillig Roads in open formation some 500 feet above the sea. Two of them in the rear lost touch, but the other three held on and presently sighted, between rain squalls, the battleship Von Scheer to port of them. No. 2 of the squadron, flying to starboard and abreast of his leader, pulled up over him, turning very sharply. This maneuver put him in a position to attack first. But his first bomb missed the ship by ten yards and his second failed to leave the aircraft.

Meanwhile his leader was coming in to the attack. To deliver it, he descended almost to the surface of the water, then pulled up just high enough to clear the mast of the Von Scheer. His observer saw men leaning against the rails of the ship and a line of washing hanging out to dry. Then the bombs fell and pieces from the catapult gear, used to launch the ship's aircraft, flew into the air. One moment the German crew were taking their ease on deck; the next, they were doubling to their action stations as the British bombers climbed up and away into the thick air, bullets flashing past their wings "like small blue electric sparks."

With this attack the war began.

A bomber, unlike a fighter, is flown not only by the pilot but also by the air observer, the wireless operator, and the air gunner. The captain and his second pilot do the actual flying; the observer navigates and drops the bombs; the wireless operator helps the navigator and with the air gunner does the fighting. The same spirit and practice of co-ordination is required of a bomber crew as of a football eleven. A pilot of the Royal Air Force is subjected at an early stage to a process of selection by which it is determined whether he is better fitted to fly a fighter or a bomber. Both will be controlled, to a certain extent, by wireless from the ground or from their leader; but the fighter pilot is in action for an hour and a half to two hours, often far less. He is usually led into the fight by his squadron leader, but in battle it is every man for himself.

The key man in a bomber is the navigator. He must give his pilot directions that will bring the bomber on the target at the right time; must aim and release the bombs, and bring the craft and crew safely back to base. Darkness, clouds, air currents, all are his foes; and the weather can be a formidable obstacle. During the Norwegian campaign the pilot of a Blenheim reported:

☆ "SOON after leaving the English coast we ran into rain that was tropical in its fury. We climbed, and then the rain turned to snow. At 13,000 feet the engines of two of the Blenheims became iced up and stopped. One dropped more or less out of control until only 600 feet above the sea, when they started again. The other struck the waves at the moment its engines came to life. It lost its rear wheel, but both aircraft got safely back to base." One Blenheim of that formation reached its target. It was flying very low and a brisk argument was in progress between pilot and observer as to their whereabouts. "Call yourself an observer," said the pilot. "Where is the —— place?" At that moment a piece of antiaircraft shell removed half the cowling of his cockpit. They knew they had arrived.

The navigator has certain aids in his calculations and in checking his position. He can call for a "radio fix"; if landmarks are visible he can read his map; and if the stars are out he can steer by astronavigation tables. He usually works in a cramped space, wearing bulky clothes and an oyygen mask. To hit a target is not easy. Bombs are not thrown but dropped—"released." Enemy defenses are probably active; there are searchlights and "flak"—antiaircraft guns.

During the period covered by this narrative Bomber Command has used nine types of aircraft: the Fairey Battle, the Bristol Blenheim, the Vickers-Armstrong Wellington, the Armstrong-Whitworth Whitley, the Handley-Page Hampden, the Short Stirling, the Avro Manchester, the Handley-Page Halifax, and the American Boeing Flying Fortress. All, except the Battle, are multi-engined, mid-winged monoplanes, the single wing placed so that half the depth of the fuselage is above it. The Fortress is a low-wing monoplane. The Whitley has the after part of its wings fabric-covered, and the Wellington is entirely fabric-covered.

A bomber will carry no more fuel than is needed to take it to the target and back, with margin for safety. From the outset of hostilities many of

the aircraft of Bomber Command were able to fly with substantial loads 1,600 miles.

The orders for attack on September 4, 1939, were explicit: "The greatest care is to be taken not to injure the civilian population. The intention is to destroy the German Fleet. There is no alternative target." The main reason for choosing the fleet rather than German industries was that though too small to fight a general fleet action it could raid our shipping. No bombs were dropped on German soil until March 19, 1940, when the enemy seaplane base on the German Island of Sylt was attacked. All civilians had been evacuated, the German News Agency reported; and the Germans had bombed the Orkney Islands on March 16, with British civilian casualties. Bomber Command had orders not to drop bombs on any ship lying at or close to a quay. For some six months, therefore, only enemy ships of war at sea or lying in wide roadsteads were bombed.

After the attack on Brunsbüttel and the Schillig Roads there followed some days of reconnaissance carried out by the Blenheims. One of their objects was to check the report of an enemy concentration of bombers on Sylt. There proved to be none. These photographic reconnaissance flights were extended as far as northwestern Germany and built up a complete and accurate picture of the naval bases, factories, roads, railways, key points, and other places of military importance in that district. Blenheims from the Advanced Air Striking Force in France also took part in these operations. They flew as high as 24,000 feet and as low as 100 feet.

During those first weeks of the war the ships of the enemy remained close to their bases. They cruised about at night, returning in the morning and remaining in port every week-end. It was decided that Bomber Command should undertake reconnaissance in strength, using aircraft equipped to attack.

A bomber's-eye view of Dunkirk, with an oil tank burning. Nightly during the evacuation, the R. A. F. put down "a curtain of bombs round that port."

☆ ONE squadron of Hampdens, patrolling the Heligoland Bight in two formations of six and five, found and attacked two enemy destroyers. Owing perhaps to an error in timing, the two formations became separated, and when the second reached the area the enemy had been roused to action. None of the five returned. The other six, attacking from 300 feet, met with heavy pom-pom fire and a shell went through the nose of the leading aircraft of the first flight. It struck the pilot on the elbow, causing him involuntarily to pull back the stick and swoop sharply upward. The other two aircraft close behind followed their leader, so all the bombs fell into the sea. Bombing this sort of target was expensive and uncertain.

At a well defended base such as Wilhelmshaven, German fighters were observed to take the air within ten minutes of the sighting of the objective by our bombers. They were warned by a line of "flak" ships some seventy miles west of Heligoland. The Bight soon came to be known as "the Hornets' Nest."

Our bomber force had been primarily designed for use as a day force for attacks on land targets. Certain considerations had caused it to be used only against ships not heavily defended by fighter aircraft. But if enemy ships were to be attacked suddenly, without previous reconnaissance, so as to insure surprise, was there not a reasonable chance of inflicting damage despite the presence of fighters? It was decided to try.

On December 14 twelve Wellingtons found a German battleship, a cruiser, and three destroyers some twelve miles southwest of Heligoland. To reach them the Wellingtons had to fly almost at sea level beneath low cloud, and when over the ships their height was not above 800 feet. They were immediately engaged by about twenty German fighters. The battle lasted forty minutes. The Wellingtons, by maintaining formation, drove off the Messerschmitts, shot down five of them—of which three were 110s, met with for the first time in force—and damaged three more. Their own losses were five. No definite conclusions could be drawn, so it was decided to experiment again.

Four days later a force of Wellingtons discovered a number of enemy naval units in Wilhelmshaven. They left in four formations, with orders to bomb from not lower than 10,000 feet. Over the German coast the sky was clear. The first German fighters attacked until the Wellingtons ran into heavy antiaircraft fire in the neighborhood of Bremerhaven. After that, very heavy fighter attacks were made upon them in the Wilhelmshaven area and continued until they were seventy to eighty miles out to sea on the way home. The visibility was so good that it was easy to see that there were no warships at Brunsbüttel, in the Schillig Roads, or in the Jade Bay. The formation kept well to the east of Wilhelmshaven, but no target could be found. A sweep was therefore made over the Jade basin and course was then set directly for Wilhelmshaven. Enemy warships were, however, in shore or at the quayside, and could not be attacked without the risk of causing casualties among the civil population. Four large vessels, however, in the Roads, which opened heavy antiaircraft fire, were attacked, without observed result.

Seeing no suitable targets, the leader of the formation turned north, past the Island of Wangerooge, at a height of 13,000 feet. No sooner had the heavy antiaircraft fire died away than

attacks by enemy fighters, which included Me. 110s, ensued and were continued for about half an hour. Between forty and fifty attacks were delivered from astern and beam. The Me. 110s opened fire with cannon at ranges of from 900 to 600 yards, and as a general rule pressed their attacks well home, coming on one occasion to within fifty yards. The action soon became general, the Wellingtons defending themselves with skill and vigor. Six Me. 109s and six Me. 110s were seen to fall in flames, and six others probably suffered a similar fate.

Four of the Wellingtons were reported to have been shot down, three made for Holland with petrol streaming from their tanks, and several others came down in the sea on the way home. All the gun turrets of one were put out of action. It escaped further damage and got safely home by taking a position immediately below the rest of the section, which flew in close formation. One Wellington was left behind in a turning movement and subjected to heavy attack by enemy fighters. The center turret and the wireless were put out of action, and the tail and front gunners were wounded. The second pilot, leaving his seat by the captain, took the place of the wounded rear gunner, firing off all the ammunition, and then made his way along the lurching fuselage to the turret of the front gunner, where he did the same. The pilot then dived to sea level and escaped.

☆ THERE was now no doubt of the heavy casualties we should have to accept in these daylight attacks on areas protected in strength by shore-based fighters, so they gave way to sweeps over the North Sea by bombers on the lookout for enemy warships. They took place at frequent intervals whenever weather permitted and often when it did not.

Toward the end of October, 1939, the Germans began to use a new weapon to attack our shipping. This was the magnetic mine, said at the time to be the secret weapon of which Hitler obscurely boasted in a speech. That may or may not have been true. The Germans had been making them for some years. They were laid by aircraft as well as by other means. It was decided to make every effort to keep these mine layers from operating. They were at that time mostly seaplanes, He. 115s, based on Borkum, Sylt, and Norderney. Our patrols flew nightly in relays over these bases, from December 12. Any lights placed on the water to help seaplanes take off in the dark were systematically bombed. We were at once successful, for on the nights from December 12 to 16 only one enemy aircraft was reported engaged in mine laying. Forty-two sorties on Sylt and forty on Borkum were made by the end of the year.

As soon as an aircraft has landed from a sortie, the night staff on duty cover its engines and turrets. At daylight, two fitters and two riggers go over it from nose to tail. Aircraft no longer live in hangars. Unless there is some major repair, they are serviced in the open air and remain there, dispersed around the field, to minimize danger from bombing. The flight sergeant and his staff in charge of the bomb dump make up the loads. The bombs, painted yellow, are loaded on trolley trains drawn by tractors to the aircraft. Fused at the dump, they are slung into position on the plane by portable cranes and attached by lugs which must be aligned with lugs in the bomb hatches. An expert "bombing-up" squad of twenty-eight can load fifteen aircraft in two hours.

The Women's Auxiliary Air Force carries out routine duties at bomber stations—ciphering, teleprinting, telephone operating, driving, cleaning spark plugs, and cooking. They have their own quarters and are under their own officers. They are rendering an essential service, often in places of great danger.

☆ BEGINNING in September, 1939, our heavy bombers dropped leaflets over Germany. Seven such raids took place on the first seven nights of the war.

Leaflets have to be dropped by hand through the flare chutes. On one occasion the dropper cut the string binding the bundles not just before discharge but as soon as they were stowed in the aircraft. As it was taking off, a sudden draft papered its entire interior with leaflets. The pilot had to make a blind take-off, using only his instruments.

On the night of October 1 the first leaflet raid on Berlin took place. Pamphlets were dropped giving the amount of the personal fortunes hidden away abroad by Nazi leaders. Weather conditions that night were particularly severe. One aircraft arrived over the German capital at 22,500 feet. The oxygen supply momentarily failed. Two of the crew collapsed and part of the mechanism of the rear turret froze, so that their gunner could not open his door. The pilot carried on and the navigator went back to assist the two unconscious members of the crew. He dragged one twelve feet along the fuselage into the cabin and connected him with the oxygen supply. He then threw overboard two thirds of the leaflets before collapsing himself. The pilot brought the aircraft down to 9,000 feet, at which it became possible to open the door of the rear turret. The air gunner climbed through to the assistance of the navigator, who had, however, recovered and returned to duty. All aircraft engaged in this operation left at three-minute intervals and returned at the same intervals—a remarkable feat of timing.

On the night of October 27, appalling weather conditions were encountered. The adventures of the Whitley crews, all of whom succeeded in dropping their load of pamphlets in the Düsseldorf-Frankfurt area, were numerous. All the crews found it almost impossible to lower the turret from

which the leaflets were discharged, for the temperature varied between minus 22 and 32 centigrade. In one aircraft the starboard engine had to be switched off because it had caught fire. Ice about six inches thick formed on its wings, and it was in thick cloud. It went into a dive and, the report says, "recovery was made at 7,000 feet, the full strength of both pilots being required to pull the aircraft out of the dive. It was then found that the rudder and elevators were immovable. The wireless operator sent a signal to say that one engine was on fire, and tried to get an immediate 'fix,' but, as the instrument glasses were thick with ice, had no means of knowing if he was transmitting.

"The aircraft at this stage was on an even keel," the report continues, "but losing height at 2,000 feet per minute. The port engine had stopped, and we observed some four inches of ice protruding from the inside of the engine cowling. The air screw, leading edges, and wind screens were covered thickly with ice. The order was given to abandon aircraft by parachute; but as no reply was forthcoming from the front and rear gunners, the order was immediately canceled. It was afterward ascertained that the front gunner was unconscious from a blow on the head from an ammunition magazine, and the rear gunner was unconscious from a blow on the head from the turret, due to the dive and subsequent recovery. The aircraft then assumed a shallow high-speed dive. We opened the top hatch to see where we were going, and the second pilot, who was at the controls, opened the side window. The aircraft emerged from the clouds in heavy

"Oil storage plants at Bremen were successfully attacked." After a raid, this bomber flew more than 500 miles back, despite its stripped wing.

rain at about 200 feet from the ground. All we could see was a black forest with a gray patch in the middle, for which we were heading. The second pilot pulled the aircraft over the trees, brushing through their tops, and the aircraft dropped flat into a field, traveled through a wire fence, skidded broadside on, and came to rest with the port wing against the trees on the farther side of the clearing.

"It was then found that the starboard engine was on fire which was increasing in severity. We climbed out and attempted to put out the flames, but were unsuccessful. The captain returned to the fuselage to get the extinguisher but found it had already discharged in the crash. On seeing the fire, the wireless operator obtained the extinguisher from his cabin, climbed on to the engine cowling and extinguished the flames. We then ascertained that all members of the crew were safe and unhurt." They spent the night in the crashed Whitley.

In another Whitley a defect in the oxygen apparatus caused a shortage of supply. The crew, however, succeeded in dropping their leaflets. On the way home "ice could be heard coming off the blades of the air screws and striking the sides of the nose." Nevertheless the aircraft landed safely.

The remaining Whitley engaged in this operation made a forced landing in France. The landing was particularly heavy and the tail gunner was much shaken. When, after climbing out, he went to the nose of the aircraft to have a word with the pilot, he discovered that he was alone. The others, on the orders of the captain, had bailed out. Owing to a breakdown in the intercommunication system the tail gunner had not received this order. The aircraft had made a landing with no one at the controls. The tail gunner went off to a near-by village. Here he found the rest of the crew safe in a café.

The front gunner had been knocked unconscious by his parachute which, when opening, hit him on the head. He came to consciousness lying on his back in a field among a herd of curious but friendly cows. The wireless operator, landing in a field full of curious but hostile bulls, took successful avoiding action by sprinting for the hedge in full flying kit and cleared a four-foot hurdle. The captain landed unhurt, and the navigator sprained an ankle. The whole crew, after their reunion in the café, were taken, "complete with bouquets," to a French hospital, whence, after treatment, they returned the same day to their unit.

Although it was not until April 9, 1940, that German ships of war were seen in Norwegian harbors, several units of the German Fleet, including the Scharnhorst and the Gneisenau, were in the harbors of northwestern Germany on the 6th. That night signs of an impending great event became unmistakable. British bombers engaged in the dropping of leaflets reported that a wide stream of motor transport, headlights blazing, was flowing along the *Autobahn* from Hamburg to Lübeck, while at Eckernförde, near Kiel, there was great activity among shipping under the glare of brilliant arc lamps. The Germans made no pretense of concealment. When all is on the hazard, they rarely do, believing that speed is more important than secrecy.

☆ ON April 7, twelve Blenheims in two formations of six caught sight of most of the German Fleet, which was then some seventy-six miles north-northwest of the Horn's Reef. The Blenheims wheeled into the sun and attacked either the Scharnhorst or the Gneisenau. The leader sent out a message giving the position and course of the German fleet. This information never got through and only became known some hours later when the aircraft returned. "The German Fleet was a very grand sight," said the leader of the Blenheims. "When they shot at me it was like lightning flashing in daylight all about me."

By April 9 the Luftwaffe had arrived in force in Norway. They concentrated on the airdrome and seaplane anchorage at Stavanger, the airdrome at Vaernes, near Trondheim, and also on Fornebu, the airport of Oslo. On April 12 a great effort was made to bomb the Scharnhorst, the Gneisenau, and a cruiser of the Nürnberg class which had been discovered heading south across the entrance to the Skagerrak. Ninety-two heavy bombers swept a wide area in search of these vessels. Because of fog they were not seen, but two warships in Kristiansand South were bombed. The Wellingtons and Hampdens detailed for the operation presently found themselves heavily engaged by a swarm of Me. 109s and 110s, which pursued them 200 miles out to sea. Ten of our aircraft were lost. Two Me. 110s were seen to be shot down, but the Germans admitted the destruction of five Me. 109s.

The concentration of our attacks soon came to be upon Stavanger, the main German air base in Norway from which their attacks on our shipping soon developed. Since we had no bases in Norway itself, our bombers had to fly between 300 and 400 miles in each operation. This meant heavy loads of petrol and consequently smaller loads of bombs. Moreover, the time they could afford to spend over the target, if they were to make sure of getting back to base, was very short. The support which they could give to our army when it had landed was therefore strictly limited. Trondheim, with its airdrome at Vaernes, remained in enemy hands, and no other bases were available for bombers.

☆ FORNEBU was a target always hard to find. The attack made on it on April 17 was typical. The commanding officer of one of our bomber squadrons took off from his base in Yorkshire as captain of a Whitley. Setting a course for the southern promontory of Norway, they made the sea crossing at 10,000 feet. Owing to cloud, the coast line was missed. Shortly after 11 P. M. a snow-covered hill appeared in the bright moonlight through a gap in the clouds. Recognizing the rolling nature of the country, the pilot fixed his position and set a course to cut the southeast coast of Norway. Once again the coast was missed. Half an hour later, through a gap at 3,000 feet, he saw a flat black surface. Land or water? He switched on his landing light and flew down its beam until the reflection revealed the sea. Course was altered to port until the coast line was picked up at 2,000 feet and identified by the foam of breakers.

For the next half hour the pilot, with his face pressed into the open aperture of his cockpit window, picked his way in and out of cloud, along the intricate coast to the entrance of Oslo Fjord. He reached Drammen at 1,500 feet. Numerous ships were moored in the entrance to Drammen Fjord. The docks were floodlit and riding lights were displayed. But the pilot's task was to find and attack Oslo airdrome. So, retracing his path, he set a course for the Norwegian capital at 3,000 feet.

At the head of Oslo Fjord a blinding snowstorm was encountered. Several attempts were made to penetrate the gloom, the aircraft coming down to a height of 500 feet. There it met with severe icing conditions. The pilot

therefore flew back over enemy shipping in Drammen in the hope that the snowstorm would abate. It did not, and, although Oslo was bathed in bright moonlight, the area of the landing grounds was still invisible. Rather than risk the destruction of non-military objectives, the pilot set a course for England, his bombs still on board. He landed safely at his base, after being in the air for nine and a half hours. No wireless "fixes" were asked for or received throughout the flight.

On the control tower at Station Headquarters they watch eagerly for the first sign of returning aircraft, and through the night the staff of the operations rooms at the stations, groups, and Bomber Command headquarters have been plotting results as they came in. Upon arrival home, the crews are questioned, man by man, by intelligence officers.

☆ A BOMBING attack on the Schipol airdrome, the barracks at Amsterdam, and the antiaircraft defenses near by was the first operation against Holland when, on May 10, 1940, the Germans attacked Holland, Belgium, and France simultaneously, and the Battle of Flanders began. By afternoon that day four major airdromes were in German hands, and their aircraft and troops began to land, the latter from troop-carrying aircraft. Bomber Command was in action within a few hours, bombing the airdromes and the beaches. Throughout the few days of the campaign we were hampered, as in Norway, by lack of information. Allotment of targets was extremely difficult. Once at least we bombed Ypenburg airdrome at the request of the Dutch government, neither they nor we knowing that it had been regained temporarily by Dutch troops.

Meanwhile the battle was joined in Belgium and France. Possible use for the British bombing force had been carefully considered and discussed with the French as far back as spring, 1939, when Hitler's seizure of Czechoslovakia made the prospect of a German attack in the west almost inevitable. Plans were drawn up, based on our bomber strength, of which the French were fully informed. Their main preoccupation was the invasion of their country. In their opinion, a bombing force should be used not to attack German industry but to extend the range of artillery supporting armies in the field, to bomb railways and airdromes.

The attack on Norway had caused the French High Command to raise again the question of the use to be made of our bombing force. The Comité de Guerre ruled that, because casualties might include civilians, bombing attacks on enemy concentrations in Germany were not to be made unless the Germans launched them upon the Allies. This decision limited the possible objectives to enemy columns on the march. Such targets were quite unsuitable for our heavy bombers. But General Gamelin could not be convinced of this. When the German attack opened in force on May 10, 1940, he still refused to allow objectives in Germany or German troops on the move in their own country to be bombed. Not until that afternoon did our Advanced Striking Air Force bomb German columns advancing through Luxembourg; and only the next day were attacks made on enemy troops and lines of communication.

The task of British bombers can be summed up thus: to delay and weaken in every possible way the advance of the German mechanized forces and, after these had scored their initial successes, to try to relieve the pressure on the Allied armies sufficiently to enable them first to hold the enemy and then to mount an effective counter-attack.

On May 12 it was learned that the enemy was pouring across two bridges over the Albert Canal to the west of Maastricht. Twelve Blenheims bombed the crossings in the face of the heaviest air fire their experienced leader not only had encountered but had imagined. Approaching the target, the squadron broke formation to run in upon it from several directions. Bombs were falling when the leader spotted enemy fighters about to attack out of the sun. Under heavy aircraft fire, the squadron regained formation, faced the fighters, and drove them off. Eight of the Blenheims, all hit, returned successfully. On the same day six Battles attacked the same objectives, their crews chosen by lot because every one had volunteered. They went in low, disregarding enemy fighters above and antiaircraft fire below. Five were shot down. The sixth crashed, on fire, inside our lines. One end of the bridge was demolished.

But on the second day following, the enemy crossed the Meuse and made a breach in the line between Sedan and Dinant, imperiling Allied armies in eastern Belgium. On the same day seventy-seven Battles in all attacked the bridges that were used, destroying some, damaging others. Forty-two bombers returned and the crews of six others filtered back to their base days later. One wounded pilot had swum the Meuse. An observer and air gunner had tended their wounded pilot twenty-four hours, leaving him only when he died, and then getting across the Meuse to safety.

☆ BY May 16 the Germans had reached open country west of that river, and new targets had therefore to be assigned to our bombers. By day we attacked troop concentrations, armored vehicles, and convoys of transport; by night, railway junctions, marshaling yards, and oil dumps in western Germany and overrun Belgium. Often exact targets could not be given. Civilian refugees streaming along with enemy columns made a screen which was deliberately exploited by the Germans and of great assistance to them. Our pilots, ordered not to bomb the refugees, took great risks to avoid doing so.

An R. A. F. officer who had an opportunity of inspecting a railway station and marshaling yard shortly after it was bombed said, "Trucks and engines had been lifted bodily off the track and thrown on their sides; many of them had been set on fire, the permanent way had been torn up, railway lines buckled. . . . The chaos reminded one of H. G. Wells' film The Shape of Things to Come."

Between May 27 and June 4, while "Operations Dynamo"—code name for the evacuation of Dunkirk—was proceeding, our bombers put down, night after night, a curtain of bombs round that port. Their efforts were particularly vigorous toward the end, when the French Northern Army was being taken off. The targets chosen by the joint Franco-British Staff under orders of the French High Command were marshaling yards, railway junctions, and trains between the Rhine and the eastern frontiers of Holland and Belgium; then "bottlenecks" on the Turnhout-Namur line, the crossings over the Meuse, and finally points of congestion behind the German armies.

20 QUESTIONS

Dr. Pinquetea, our question tester, says to count yourself two points if you get No. 5 in ten seconds; count two points if you get No. 9; and count yourself lucky if you get the rest.

1—The President recently made public a letter he had written beginning, "Dear Chief." Whom was the President addressing?

2—New Year's Day, 1944, falls on a Saturday. What day will New Year's, 1945, fall on?

3—What governs a convoy's speed?

4—Are "cradle books" designed for infants, persons in second childhood, or what?

5—How many pictures are in a pack of cards (omitting the joker)? Quick!

6—Who were the Kilkenny cats and what do they symbolize?

7—Matter appears in three different states. What are they?

8—What does a sailor mean by "topsides"?

9—In a U. S. war, the leader of each faction was born within a few miles of the other. Who were they, and where born?

10—What former masculine sport has become a nation-wide feminine craze?

11—Which college is known as the "Mother of Fraternities"?

12—Who were the original cowboys?

13—The date on which the President is actually elected is determined how?

14—What baseball team got its nickname from the fact that numerous streetcar lines in the home town, running at all angles, kept the natives in constant jeopardy?

15—What are the cardinal winds?

16—Is there anything wrong with this statement: The famous novel, Far from the Maddening Crowd, was written by Thomas Hardy?

17—Which state was named for a French king, and who was he?

18—Why are men fighting behind the lines in Russia known as guerrillas?

19—What were the old "Ten-Twenty-Thirtys" of the early 1900s?

20—Arthur Starnes recently attained a speed of about 190 miles an hour without traveling in any vehicle. How did he do it?

(Answers will be found on page 61)

...e night raid over ... upon arriving at home the ... A. F. bomber crews are closely questioned, ...e man at a time, by intelligence officers.

Altogether our heavy bombers made twenty-seven major attacks on such targets. More than 1,000 tons of bombs had fallen by June 15 on the railways of France and northern Germany alone.

Before that date orders were issued for the immediate creation of a British bombing force to operate against Italy, whose entry into the war was then regarded as inevitable. The force was to be based on Salon, an airdrome not far from Marseilles. On June 11, a number of Wellingtons arrived there from England, and by evening executive orders for a raid on Milan had been received by the commander of the force. The necessary preparations were soon made; but the French authorities forbade the execution of the orders, maintaining that they were contrary to the desires of the French government. The argument continued until late into the night.

The British commander got, twice that evening, confirming orders by telephone. Though he did not know it, they were based on decisions taken in consultation and agreement with the French government. He decided to disregard the protests of the French authorities. About half an hour after midnight, when the Wellingtons were taxiing into position for the take-off, a number of French military lorries were suddenly driven on to the airdrome and so dispersed as to make any take-off impossible. The French officer in charge of them informed the British commander that he had been instructed at all costs to prevent British bombers from taking the air. To avoid an open clash the raid was canceled.

As a result of further instructions, the French temporarily withdrew their opposition and the raid took place on the night of June 15. The target was Genoa. The weather was very bad and only a few bombs were dropped. Next night six aircraft found and bombed their targets in Milan. This was the last bombing operation carried out from French soil. The force was evacuated from Marseilles the day after the French asked for an armistice.

On the night of June 11, Whitleys from England succeeded in reaching Turin, where the Fiat works were bombed, and Genoa, where hits were scored on the docks and the Ansaldo works. Genoa continued to blaze with light throughout the raid. It was a 1,350-mile flight. In December an attack was made on Porto Marghera, where large stores of oil and a refinery are situated. This was one of the longest flights made by a bomber of the R. A. F., except on a leaflet raid. It took about nine and a half hours. The target was hit fair and square. Porto Marghera was again attacked early in January, 1941. A 1,000-pound bomb, dropped from 700 feet, hit the middle of the refinery. The airdrome at Padua was then machine-gunned from twenty feet.

In number, the raids on Italy were few and the material damage, though considerable, was not vital. The moral damage, however, was undoubtedly severe.

☆ SOON after the French collapse the enemy prepared to deal us a mortal blow. He controlled the harbors of Norway, Holland, Belgium, and France—the "invasion ports." There he concentrated a formidable array of men and materials, which we lost no time in bombing. Ships and barges were observed moving into position at the beginning of an air attack, either to sail at zero hour on a predetermined day or to exploit a success at short notice. During an attack on Antwerp—which Napoleon called a pistol pointed at the heart of England—one of our Hampdens took fire. The bomb compartment became a blowtorch; the aluminum floor in the air-gunner's cockpit melted and great smears of it blew backward and plated the rear bulkheads. The air gunner, scorched, beat out the flames with his logbook, and the aircraft reached base, part of it a charred ruin.

Up to May 31, 1941, Delfzijl had been attacked four times, Den Helder twenty - six, Amsterdam - Ymuiden twenty-four, Rotterdam twenty-eight, Antwerp thirty-three, Flushing fifty-five, Ostend seventy-five, Dunkirk sixty-two, Calais seventy-four, Boulogne eighty-nine, Dieppe eight, Le Havre forty, Rouen once, and Cherbourg sixteen. And the end is not yet. When it comes to counting up the damage done, it must be considered that ports and harbors, though fairly easy to find and therefore to bomb, are hard to destroy. The vulnerable points are surrounded by much water and by heavy stone quays. So long as operations are in progress, damage cannot be accurately assessed. But as bombing became more intense, it became more difficult for the enemy to use the ports for the purpose of assembling an invading army. We bombed also his occupied airdromes and long-range gun emplacements day and night. Our object was to create and maintain confusion. We succeeded.

One fact stands out here: no invasion of England took place. Though small boys followed German soldiers about the streets of Dutch ports making swimming motions and drowning noises, the twentieth-century Armada did not put to sea. The crews of Bomber Command singed the mustache of a "bloodthirsty guttersnipe."

A new form of assault, first tried out early this year, has worked well. A small number of bombers, heavily

escorted by fighters, have gone out by day and at frequent intervals. In a raid on Cherbourg and Le Havre, over 20,000 tons of shipping were hit. When a ship is attacked, the pilot, flying low, will lift his craft just high enough to clear the mast and drop the bombs. The attack is made at full throttle, with the aircraft so low over its target that the bomb sight is seldom used. In a daylight raid on Bremen the leader flew beneath electric power cables and between balloon and barrage cables. The target, a factory, was hit squarely. One Blenheim came back festooned with telegraph wires. Another was last seen making the run on the target with its starboard engine on fire.

Germany's submarine campaign against Great Britain was intensified at the beginning of 1941. We were to be starved of food and munitions, Hitler announced, by the combined efforts of the four-engined Kondor bomber, the U-boat, and the surface raiders like the Scharnhorst, the Gneisenau, the Prinz Eugen, and the Bismarck. The Bismarck was sunk in May, and since the Battle of the Atlantic began Bomber Command has done damage again and again to the other three. On the ports of Brest, La Pallice, and Cherbourg we expended fifteen bombers and seven fighters to the enemy's thirty-four fighters, of which our bombers accounted for twenty-one. Antiaircraft fire was always severe. The pilot of a Boeing Fortress said, "The black bursts over Brest looked from a distance like a huge flock of starlings."

Bomber Command has attacked St. Nazaire three times, Bordeaux seven, and Lorient forty-four times. Near Bordeaux is one of the main bases of the Kondors whose raids on our shipping, since we have no air bases in Eire, are difficult to counter. That airdrome was attacked several times. One night in February the damage done visibly affected the morale of the airdrome personnel. All took to the woods, clad in their nightshirts. Their officers' call for volunteers to drag the aircraft to safety produced only two candidates. Details of their costume are lacking.

When schemes for the destruction of industrial assets in Germany were worked out, Bomber Command was assigned to strike at vital centers, to destroy factories and oil refineries and to disrupt communications; to ruin the military economy. Oil-storage plants at Hamburg and Bremen were important objectives and were successfully attacked. Of inland water transport, one target was pre-eminent: the Dortmund-Ems Canal, connecting the industrial area of the Ruhr with northwestern Germany. The canal runs into the sea at Emden. North of Münster two aqueducts on arches carry it across the River Ems. On August 12, five Hampdens, carrying a special type of explosive charge, attacked. The aqueduct was protected by a lane of antiaircraft guns down which an attacking plane must fly. The Hampdens went in one by one from the north, the moon shining in the faces of their crews and throwing the objective into relief. Four were disabled or destroyed. The fifth went down the antiaircraft lane at 200 feet.

"After a moment," said the pilot, "three big holes appeared in the starboard wing. They were firing at point-blank range. The navigator continued to direct me on to the target. I could not see it because I was blinded by the glare of the searchlights and had to keep my head below the level of the cockpit. At last I heard him say, 'Bombs gone.' I did a steep turn to the right and got away, being fired at heavily for five minutes."

Broadcasting to the world last June, the Prime Minister said, "We shall bomb Germany by day as well as by night in ever-increasing measure." Bomber Command is translating these words into action. Its pilots and crews plod steadily on. They are of the same breed as the men who each evening notched their dragon prow as the sun's red rim sank into the first voyage to Labrador.

And their hearts are high.

THE END

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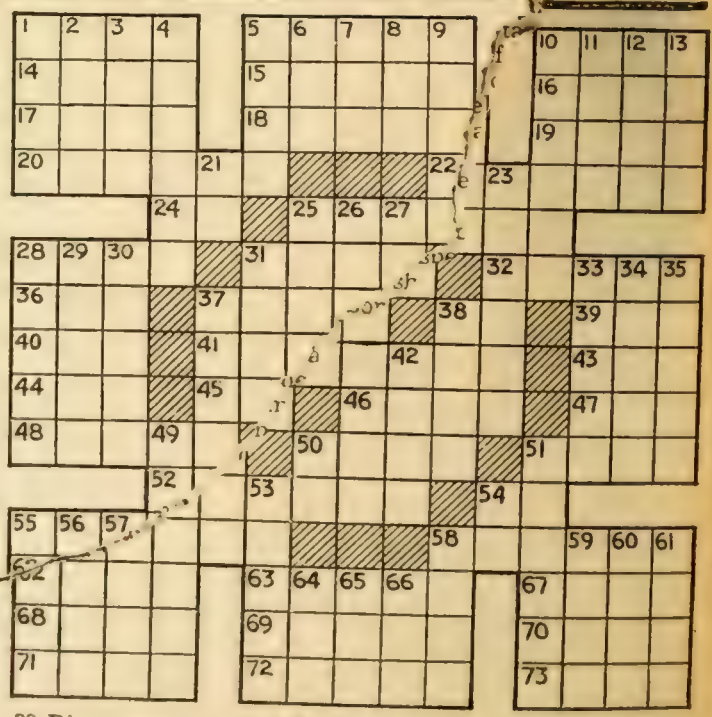
Listeners in and around New York City are cordially invited to tune in on Mr. Oursler's program!

CROSSWORDS by Lee Pasquin

Last week's answer



HORIZONTAL

1 Makes fearful
5 Dance
10 South American country
14 Disappear gradually
15 Amphitheater
16 Grows old
17 Ancestor
18 Produce
19 Mechanical repetition
20 Heedless
22 Expunged
24 Preposition
25 Unsealed
28 Burden
31 Cereal
32 Automobile
36 Commotion
37 Winged
38 Jumbled type
39 Note in Guido's scale
40 Steal
41 Took out
43 Private hint
44 Silkworm
45 Alleged unit of energy
46 Inflamed
47 Night before
48 Dowel
50 Herb
51 Unit of measure (pl.)
52 Abuse
54 Exist
55 Food
58 Egyptian god
62 Hades
63 Father (Latin)
67 System of signals
68 Language of Scotch Highlanders
69 Unaccompanied
70 Smooth
71 Part of leg (pl.)
72 Accommodates
73 Post of authority

VERTICAL

1 At a distance
2 Ford (colloq.)
3 Cheese
4 Jew
5 Chatters
6 Part of to be
7 Run of ship on one tack
8 Number
9 Thin plate
10 Procession
11 Personality (pl.)
12 Network of blood vessels
13 Employed
21 Like
23 Live
25 Verbal
26 Partial paralysis
27 Printer's measure
28 Proofreader's mark
29 Worship
30 Bird
31 Lost sap
33 Discourage
34 Vibrant
35 Part of neck (pl.)
37 Beautiful young man
38 Saucy
42 Quality of voice
49 Egg dish
50 Greek letter
51 Part of priest's vestment (pl.)
53 Part of flower
54 Comparable
55 Cook
56 At this place
57 Otherwise
58 Native metal (pl.)
59 Wander
60 Thought
61 Dispatched
64 Beverage
65 Measure of weight
66 Terminus

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

Give the gift with the "Happy Blending"

1.

Rex Reindeer's mighty busy
At this season of the year,
Loading up his good plane "North Star"
To deliver Yuletide cheer.

2.

While his loving helpmate, Rosie,
Is charting out their flight.
What is their precious cargo?
Yep, it's CALVERT—you guessed right!

3.

In fact, this famous whiskey
Is quite like these happy mates
Like Rex and Rosie Reindeer
It's a "marriage" of swell traits.

Yes, every drop of CALVERT
Is a blend of all that's best,
To give your Yuletide Spirits
Extra mellowness and zest.

4.

So think of Rex and Rosie when you make your Christmas list—
Write "CALVERT" after every name; be sure no one is missed.
Your friends will sing your praises when they taste its mellow flavor,
For among luxurious whiskies, CALVERT'S *first** in public favor!

Clear Heads Choose Calvert

The gift with the "Happy Blending"

BLENDED WHISKEY Calvert "Reserve": 86.8 Proof—65% Grain Neutral Spirits. Calvert "Special": 86.8 Proof—72½% Grain Neutral Spirits.
Calvert Distillers Corporation, New York City

READING TIME • 10 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

NBC television cameras cover a television fashion show.

What's happening to Television?

Postwar stars of destiny! Will this new magic be one of them?

BY FREDERICK LEWIS

☆ THIS war won't last forever. It won't be a Hundred Years' War or even a Thirty Years' War. There aren't that many people to kill at the rate Hitler is killing them now —and surely some one will be found with sense enough to kill *him* before he has a chance to finish the job.

Then, for those of us who remain, will come the real problem: how to build back to where we were before Hitler happened—to where we were or better.

The solution of this problem is, we believe, to be found in three things—aviation, air conditioning, television.

We base this confident belief on an experience still crystal-clear in the memories of another war generation, which arose to unparalleled prosperity and unhoped-for standards of living on the momentum of three other great new industries—motors, movies, and radio.

There had been automobiles before World War I. But as a dominant factor in American life, as an unexampled source of employment and wealth, motors were war babies.

What was true of motors was also true of movies. Prewar motion pictures were comparable to prewar automobile models and most of them were about as aesthetically painful. Industrially speaking, the picture business began with World War I.

There had been radio, too, of sorts. But no one, until after World War I, thought of broadcasting.

The situation today, for all its complexity and seeming hopelessness, is much the same.

We have aviation. Before the war it was a growing child; in the war it is already playing a man's part, a superman's. We have air conditioning. It is still on a limited scale, but already it has proved itself a contribution to human comfort comparable almost to Edison's invention of the incandescent lamp.

Less is known about television, which, so far as country-wide acceptance is concerned, is about where the radio business was before a wireless engineer in the Westinghouse plant in Pittsburgh, tiring of replying to dash-dot-dash messages from adolescent wireless fans, put on a phonograph record to do his stuff for him, and thereby created broadcasting.

Potentially, however, television is perhaps the greatest of the three stars of destiny to which we may hitch our wagonload of hopes for the postwar future—and, as such, it is worthy of our closest study.

How to get beyond the fifty-mile limit which the curving earth imposes always has been and, in a modified sense, still is television's greatest problem, and the way it is being solved is one of television's greatest achievements.

Fifty miles is what is called the "eye line," because beyond that point the earth's bulging circumference interferes with the transmitting of the image. That is why the two big New York stations, National's WNBT and Columbia's WCBW, have their transmitters on top of the Empire State and Chrysler Buildings respectively.

As early as 1939, when facsimile broadcasting was not nearly so far along as it is now, a group of travelers circling over Washington in a United Air Liner equipped with a television receiver and a two-way radiophone sat in on a conversation between United's President William A. Patterson and RCA's President David Sarnoff in the latter's New York office. A photographer on the plane promptly trained his lens on the two images on the screen.

"Smile," he said into the radiophone.

They did—and had their picture taken, although they were two hundred miles away.

Why then, you may ask, if television was as good as all that in 1939, and much better now, don't we all have eye radio as well as ear radio in our homes?

Well, first of all, there is that fifty-mile limit. A good television station has to spend about $250,000 on equipment, ten times as much as a radio station. To space these costly affairs fifty miles apart all over the country is a proposition which appals even giant Radio Corporation of America, which has already sunk $13,000,000 in television research and experimenta-

(Continued on second page following)

"Most thoughtful" for Christmas giving!

Brilliantly these Lord and Lady Elgins reflect America's new style leadership. There are enchanting new patterns for women. Sincere, unusual, sturdy-looking models for men. Traditionally fine in every detail. Observatory certified for accuracy. Lord Elgins have 21 jewels; Lady Elgins, 19 jewels. Ideal gifts of lasting value. Prices from $55.00.

Elgin prices include Federal Tax.

Lord Elgin · Lady Elgin

Timely treasures .... Elgins all!

Carmel Fitzgerald is from an old Louisville family. She has ridden to blue ribbons in horse shows. She is also a fine musician. And her water colors have won wide acclaim. "My new Elgin," she says, "is the seventh in our family."

For sentimental (and practical) Santas!

Elgin's fourth-generation craftsmen count these 17-jewel Elgin De Luxe watches among their proudest work. Each has Elgin's rustproof, non-magnetic Elginium hairspring* and Beryl-X balance. Delightful styles include mirror-finish cases, high-curved crystals, two-tone dials. All are timed to the standard of the stars. Prices from $42.50

Elgin National Watch Company, Elgin, Illinois, U. S. A.
*Patent Nos. 1,974,695 and 2,072,489.

Elgin De Luxe

Real Yankee-Doodle American values!

For a gift that is gay and warm and deeply thrilling, choose an Elgin. The new 15-jewel models are charming . . . wonderfully dependable . . . surprisingly gentle to the budget. Thoroughly American—the work of craftsmen so skilled that they are also producing precision instruments for army, navy and aviation use. Prices start from $27.50.

TUNE IN! *"Shirley Temple Time"*, Friday nights, 10-10:30 E. S. T., CBS stations coast to coast.

15-Jewel Elgins

(Continued from second page preceding)

tion. Some form of relaying images from a few central transmitting stations must be found before anything like national coverage is possible.

Currently, engineers think they have found such a system in chains of automatic mechanical transmitters spaced from thirty to fifty miles apart, according to the terrain. These marvelous radio robots use only about ten watts of power, cost only about $8,000 apiece, and require no human attention to operate. If the relay system works as well in actual practice as it has during experimentation, the transmitting problem is solved.

The receiving problem is another thing. There are fewer than five thousand television sets in the entire country, and some three thousand of these are in the metropolitan New York area; and television, in spite of its obvious possibilities for wartime communication, is ranked so far down the list by priorities chieftains that new sets in marketable quantities are difficult of attainment for lack of aluminum and other materials.

This situation is, of course, temporary. It may change overnight once Washington wakes up to the usefulness of the new medium for transmitting accurately the lay of enemy land, keeping the skies open for airplane operation through clouds and fog by picking up infra-red rays radiated from the earth, guiding planes to effective bombing areas. Mass production would then be necessary to keep down manufacturing costs, and surplus sets would be available to the general public.

Meanwhile the industry must mark time, because, until there are enough "lookers-in" available, advertisers cannot be expected to buy television time in quantities or at prices which would make possible the superior type of entertainment essential to an acceptable full-time service.

One obstacle, however, which has steadfastly refused to get out of the way of an early general acceptance of the new medium is that congenitally august body, the Federal Communications Commission, which has consistently harassed the men who have put their millions into the development of this new boon to mankind.

☆ IN April, 1939, at the New York World's Fair, RCA put on such an impressively convincing demonstration of the practicality of television that the FCC, after a year's deliberation, gave what seemed like the long awaited go signal. In effect it said: "You can go ahead with 'limited' commercial television."

Relying on this promise, RCA began advertising its television sets—this was long before declaration of a national emergency—and everything seemed on its way. But suddenly FCC rescinded its order.

Then, having stalled set production so that the companies could not hope for adequate revenue from either sales of receivers or sales of program time, the FCC suddenly reversed itself again, and not only permitted but required immediate television operation on a minimum fifteen-hours-a-week basis by all completed television stations, beginning less than two months later, July, 1941.

The whimsicality of this second official about-face is best illustrated by the experience of the Columbia Broadcasting System, which had completed its station but had been prevented from practical operation by failure of the Commission to assign it a licensed channel. CBS, long all dressed up with nowhere to go, now found itself specifically ordered to go just there—nowhere. None of the sets within radius of its transmitter was equipped to receive the lovely pictures which it was now told to send out sight unseen.

NBC and its parent company, RCA, were in a different kind of spot. First in the field, they had received Channel No. 1; and all of the RCA sets already sold in the metropolitan New York area were materially equipped to receive images through this channel. So much, so good. But the FCC, in its ultimatum, set a 525-line image as its standard and provided that all television sets must also be equipped with the new FM or frequency modulation reception. The RCA sets, of course, had standard sound equipment; also they were geared for 441-line images instead of 525-line.

Feeling a responsibility to set owners, whose purchases were thus rendered practically useless by official decree, RCA set up ten repair stations in different parts of the metropolitan area and patiently tackled, at its own expense, the job of adjusting some three thousand privately owned sets to the new requirements.

Undismayed, however, by this series of arbitrary rulings, reversals, and deterrents, NBC announced so-called commercial telecasting would begin on July 1, the date set by the Commission.

Possessing only a tiny audience, the telecasters could expect only tiny returns from buyers of television time.

Several sponsors were good enough sports, however, to play along with the telecasters, and the telecasters, their sportsmanship already severely tried, were good enough sports to charge them prices consistent with the service rendered. Bulova Watch Company, an old stand-by of the air waves, paid four dollars in the afternoon and eight dollars in the evening for the privilege of announcing the time by showing the face of a watch. Procter & Gamble, Lever Brothers, and the Sun Oil Company each paid $100 to televise respectively Truth and Consequences, Uncle Jim's Question Bee, and Lowell Thomas.

When you pose this meager income against a background of production cost, exclusive of program talent, of $2,000 an hour, or ten times that of radio broadcasting, you have a fairly vivid idea of what *has* happened to television so far.

Annoying as the seemingly unnecessary delays have been, they have given time for remarkable improvements in the clarity and distinctness of the television images. In the beginning the pictures resembled the wired photograph illustrations in the daily press. Gradually the mechanical horizontal-line effect has been minimized, with the result that images are displayed with much the same distinctness as on the movie screen.

Other technical improvements are being made with breath-taking frequency in the great experimental laboratories. RCA, pioneer in the field, already has eight of these institutions, and is building a ninth at Princeton, New Jersey, which will occupy three hundred acres of land and cost over one million dollars.

Columbia, whose interest is confined strictly to telecasting as distinguished from set manufacturer, has been concentrating its research organization, under Dr. Peter C. Goldmark, on developing television in color.

At present the number of short-wave broadcasting lanes available for television are very few and very narrow. The job of allocating these air lanes fairly is going to be a delicate one—which is undoubtedly one reason for the Federal Communications Commission's whole approach to the television problem becoming so jittery.

Three companies, CBS, NBC, and Dumont, a subsidiary of Paramount Pictures, are already active in the telecasting field. Others, notably a company featuring Philo T. Farnsworth, who shares with RCA's Vladimir K. Zworykin the honor of developing electronic television, will soon be operating. Philco, General Electric, and other big organizations may expand their set manufacturing into actual telecasting. There will be no lack of service by reputable companies; of that we may be sure.

☆ WITH increased production will come lower prices for receiving sets.

So far, the planned entertainment put on in the studios has been of the simplest sort: quizzes, games, charades, dancing lessons, children's stories, songs, and an occasional novelty like a turkey-carving lesson or an honest-to-legal television wedding. More serious forms of entertainment, however, are in preparation.

Not long ago, one of the big telecasting companies bought its first full-length novel for reproduction on the air—Will Oursler's The Trial of Vincent Doon, it was, and very good, too. With commercial sponsoring, this sort of thing will become not the exception but the rule.

More important than the element of entertainment, however, is the part this new nation-wide industry may play in our postwar economy.

Just as the automobile, the motion picture, and the radio helped to build back the nation after the first World War, television, with plenty of help from air conditioning and air travel, may well bring us the prosperity of the future!

THE END

GIRL GOES BACK TO COLLEGE

LAST JANUARY 2, Clare Fisher, her Christmas holiday over, kissed Papa and Mama Fisher goodbye, set out to return to her classes at a well-known girls' college in New England.

Her father had planned to drive Clare back. But weather was bad, so he put her on a Pullman, as being the safest, surest way for her to travel. Never having taken a Pullman before, she was a bit nervous. But all nervousness faded as the porter gave her a big, reassuring smile, told her to ring the bell if she wanted anything.

CLARE NO SOONER got settled than another girl came in. Clare found that her name was Ruth Murphy, that she was also going back East to college, and that she had the upper berth over Clare's lower. They hit it off together at once, went up to the dining car to have dinner together.

DINNER OVER, they wandered back to the lounge car. Here they got their first big kick of the trip; a famous movie actor was there! He left, but they hardly noticed, for they'd struck up an acquaintance and started a lively conversation with two army flyers (whose names you can't have—yet).

AFTER BRIDGE and much good talk with the flyers, Clare and Ruth retired to their car, washed faces and scrubbed teeth before bed. Clare discovered (by watching Ruth) that you *pull forward* the water faucets to turn them on, that the small bowl was the tooth-scrubbing bowl. She felt like an old hand!

TO BED: Ruth up above, Clare below. And those berths are shipshape as a Captain's Cabin! Hangers for clothes; a hammock and shelf for stockings, etc.; a dandy reading light; real air-conditioning; and, between those crisp, crackly sheets, *the divinest bed you ever tucked a toe into!*

NEXT MORNING, Clare was writing home: "Dear Dad and Mom . . . There never, never was anything like this Pullman trip for fun . . . I feel like a queen . . . I met the most wonderful people . . . I guess I'm spoiled for any other kind of travel." *Try Pullman. You'll be spoiled, too.*

COPR. 1941, THE PULLMAN CO.

☆ "DO you want your daughter to marry a ditchdigger?"

Kate's voice on the telephone had been quiet. It was always quiet. But for a man who had loved her and lived with her thirty years it might as well have been a wild cry. It seemed to Tom that he could still hear it as he sat in the taxicab.

He'd have to get a grip on the sick, scared feeling inside him before he reached the apartment. This was no way to meet an emergency. He was a gray old lawyer. He was Kate's husband. He was Barbara's dad. They counted on him to be wise and sure. Barbara was still his little girl. She still respected his disapproval, or she wouldn't have waited till he'd gone to the office before telling her mother. At ten o'clock Barbara had told Kate that Gilbert was coming to get her—this same morning.

When Kate telephoned, Tom had been stunned and stupid. He'd even argued about whether Gilbert was a ditchdigger or not, exactly. Barbara had met the fellow last summer when he came to dig the hole and ditch for a new septic tank at the Hamilton "farm." Because it was Vermont, and because Gilbert was such a typical lean Sims River Yankee, Tom had been tickled that Barbara "got on" with him.

"The common touch—plain talk with plain people—I'm glad she has it in her, Kate," Tom had said. "Some of her young-lady friends at home seem to me a little too sure their way is the only way. It's an uncertain world we're living in nowadays."

Barbara had begun to spend a good deal of time at Gilbert's place. His work for the Hamilton family had been by way of giving a hand to his friend Clyde Earl, the plumber, who was short of help. Gilbert had a farm of his own on the slope of Round Mountain, with cows and some timberland and a big sweating team which Barbara learned to drive.

Then, one night in their bedroom, Kate had told Tom, "Barbara says she doesn't know whether she loves Gilbert or not." She had waited to let the full meaning of the words sink in. Then she'd said quietly, "I'm not a snob, Tom. I'm not thinking about money or social position. If Barbara wanted to marry some nice boy without a penny, I wouldn't care. But a farmer, a laborer, in this wretched, ignorant little mountain village! Barbara has different values, a whole different world. It's not the boy's fault, I know. He couldn't be expected to have any background, any culture. Not anything except a big brown body!"

Tom had understood, though, that the Latimer incident was safely done with even before they'd all come down from Vermont. Barbara and her mother had had a couple of talks. In the last fortnight of the holiday Barbara hadn't gone to Gilbert's farm at all. Now, suddenly, Gilbert was driving down to New York: Barbara's bags were packed and ready.

When Tom let himself into the apartment, Kate was waiting—standing perfectly still in the middle of the living room. She was slight and very erect. She was a great lady. Tom always thought those words. *Great lady.* In thirty years she'd never failed him or herself. She wasn't failing as she stood there now. But her paleness and the agonized stiffness of her mouth struck into Tom like a twisting knife.

"Dearest. No." He reached out to take her shoulders. "Barbara'll be all right. We'll do something to stop her."

"Tom—our little girl!" Kate clutched his arm tightly for a moment.

He said, "Is Barbara in her room?"

"Yes. But it won't do any good to talk to her. She'll only say that she's made up her mind to go to Gilbert Latimer's farm for a week of skiing."

"Skiing? You mean she hasn't said anything about marrying him? Skiing! Maybe she means it, Kate."

"Barbara isn't a child. She knows that her going to visit Gilbert and his mother will be the talk of that little village. She's made up her mind to marry him, Tom. If we forbid it, she'll marry him right away. But Gilbert suggested the skiing story. I gather he thought she'd better visit the farm for a while before she finally decided."

"Well, it looks as if he were *trying* to be reasonable."

"Yes. Yes, that's it. He's the one

Barbara tried to continue her argument, then she gave up and slid her arms around his neck.

My Rocks and Rills

"I'll bring Barbara back," her father said. But a girl in love is too big to spank!

BY BAIRD HALL

you must talk to."

As if it were cued to her speech, the door buzzer whirred, faint and far down the service hall.

Kate gasped: "He's here! Oh, don't let him take her!" She caught his arm. "Tell him how she will despise him when she realizes what she's done! Try to make him understand the real difference between them, Tom."

Tom nodded. He heard Emma coming along the hall. He heard the front door opened, closed again.

Emma appeared in the living-room arch. "Mr. Latimer for Miss Barbara, Mrs. Hamilton."

"Come in, Latimer," said Tom.

Emma reached for Gilbert's overcoat as he came under the arch, and Tom's first shock was seeing Gilbert in a business suit. Certainly it would have been more surprising if the man had walked in in blue jeans and cowhide boots, but Tom had never seen Gilbert dressed up before. It made him seem strange and more threatening. Not that he looked at all remarkable. The ordinary dark gray suit inclined to droop on his angular frame.

"Won't you sit down, Gilbert?" said Kate. "Mr. Hamilton wanted to talk with you before I call Barbara."

Tom saw that, by some magic of her own, Kate had erased the look of strain. She herself sat down.

"It was very nice of your mother to invite Barbara for a visit."

"It took a little doing." Gilbert's eyes crinkled slightly at the corners. "Mother has the notion that any guest getting a written invitation has fair excuse for expecting a room with private bath."

"Perhaps that isn't exactly what your mother is thinking, Gilbert," said Tom. "It isn't what I'm thinking. I doubt if it's what most of the people around Sims River would begin thinking if Barbara visited you."

"You may be right, at that. But Coonie Benson—you know Coonie; second selectman up home—well, Coonie always says that folks can't start shoveling just because they think it looks like snow."

As a lawyer, Tom had to admire Gilbert's Yankee face. It told exactly nothing. His voice was a polite easy drawl, while his sharp blue eyes bored steadily into Tom. Gilbert wasn't afraid of an enemy. It nerved Tom, cleared his head.

"Maybe gossip isn't too important," said Tom, slowly and distinctly; "but, before they start laying bets about Barbara up there at George's garage, I think it's fair for her father to ask a question. Are you in love with her?"

For a moment the living room was very quiet.

"Guess probably so. It's hard to see how a man could help loving her."

"If you really love her, you want to be sure you could make her happy," said Tom.

"Yes. It'd be a good idea for her to figure the odds on that pretty carefully."

"She's used to having a good deal."

"I know. She's had money for more and prettier dresses than I can buy her."

"The money has bought more than dresses, Gilbert. It's bought all those pictures on the wall, for instance."

Latimer turned to look carefully at the wall Tom had nodded toward.

"It isn't simply that Barbara wants pictures on a wall," said Kate gently. "Barbara doesn't think of them in terms of money. They mean something to her that she's grown to need—that she'd be hungry and unhappy without. And there are other—"

"Ye-es," Gilbert's polite drawl interrupted. He had moved nearer the

four contemporary black and whites. "I expect an artist wants his job to mean something, like you said, Mrs. Hamilton. Now take this one." Gilbert touched the woodcut portrait Charwoman, by Charlotte Rothstein. "Someway, the knobby hands of this woman scrubbing a floor gave the artist more to set her teeth into than if she was just a nice-looking lady—of course, barring she wanted to draw an advertisement to sell fingernail polish."

"Gilbert!" Barbara had opened the door from the bedroom wing. Nobody had seen her. Her cry made Tom jump. She stood there, with a hat on her blonde head and a coat over her arm. "Why didn't Emma tell me Gilbert was here? Father, why are you back from the office?"

Gilbert spoke quickly: "Well, Barbara, we were having a little talk about art." He grinned for the first time. "And I was sticking my neck way out and telling all about how 'twas between art and me."

"Mother, you've been snubbing Gilbert. And you telephoned father, didn't you? Well, if you try to stop me, I'll go right—"

☆ "BARBARA!" Nobody ever could talk to Kate that way in Tom's hearing. The tone of his voice checked Barbara in mid-breath. She turned to him, abashed, but not frightened or yielding. Her expression, in this moment, had the identical sure, poised elegance that was Kate's.

Tom suddenly wanted to yell, "Look! Look at yourself in a glass. Look, and try to see yourself married to a dirt farmer! It's crazy! It's impossible!" But that would be the sort of hysterical gesture a middle-aged corporation lawyer didn't make.

"Sorry I sounded rude, dad," Barbara was saying, "but I've decided to go with Gilbert. Don't ask me to wait and think it over. I have thought it over and you can't—"

"Whoa, Barbara," said Gilbert. "Whoa! Don't start shoveling till it snows. Nobody's arguing with you." He looked at Tom. "Barbara'd pretty much like to do some skiing. All things considered, that seems like a sound idea, wouldn't you say? Mother'll take good care of her, see she gets to bed on time and gets up"—Gilbert's eyes crinkled—"prompt in the morning."

"Please get my bags and things, Gilbert. They're in there—second door on the left."

Gilbert nodded and went down the hall of the bedroom wing.

Kate stood up. "Barbara, I ask you not to go this morning."

"Oh, mother! Can't you see how swell he's being? Can't you see he won't let me say right out, not even to you, that I love him and that I'm going to marry him? He says I mustn't make it hard to change my mind. As if the farm could change me! But he wants it that way. And I should think you'd be grateful instead of fighting him."

"Are you afraid to give your mother and me time to remind you of some of the things we believe we've found true?"

"I'm not afraid, dad. But mother said all those things last summer. I've had time to think, and I—" She broke off. Gilbert was coming back with suitcases and skis.

Tom winced at Barbara's sudden glow as she turned. Perhaps any father would wince to see any daughter look at a man that way. Or perhaps the almost abject, naked adoration was especially shocking on Barbara's fastidious face.

She said, "I'll carry your coat down, Gilbert. Come on. Good-by, mother—dad." She blew a kiss. She was gone.

But Gilbert turned back, holding the front door open with one foot. "The skiing is good now. It's sort of pretty up there with all the snow around. No reason why you shouldn't come up any time you feel like it. There's plenty of room at the farm." His eyes were on Tom. "But the place isn't fixed up much. Maybe in a couple or so days Barbara'll be coming back where she can get warm on both sides at once." He moved his foot, and the door swung closed.

Tom's first thought was of Kate. She didn't cry often or easily. It seemed to wrench her slight frame.

"Barbara—Barbara baby! She loves him. And he knows it. He's sure he's got her. He—I—oh, Tom?"

"Yes, dearest?"

"Don't nice things seem important to men? Really important? Do I seem to you just an advertisement to sell fingernail polish?"

"Dearest, dearest! You goose!" He took her in his arms. "There, dearest—there, Kate. You get a fresh grip and go telephone Shannon to bring the small car around. I'm going to take young Latimer at his word. I'm going up to look at some Vermont snow." He kissed her. "I'll bring Barbara back, dearest."

☆ TOM spent the night in Bennington, Vermont. It was mid-morning when he drove up to the old Latimer farmhouse. He brushed snow off his trouser legs while he waited for his knock to be answered.

A young girl opened the door.

He smiled. "Good morning. I'm Thomas Hamilton. I'd like to see Mrs. Latimer, if she's at home."

The girl closed the door without remark.

He had all the snow off his trousers and was holding gloved hands to his ears when Gilbert's mother opened the door.

"Come in," she said.

In the living room a stove wide enough for two-foot logs was burning.

"Barbara and Gilbert are skiing?"

"They're cleaning the hen house. Gilbert raises broilers all winter. Ships 'em to Boston."

"Mrs. Latimer, I suppose you're surprised to have me walk in."

"I am and I ain't. Have you come to take back your girl?"

"Well, Barbara's a little grown-up to be just 'taken' back and forth."

"Willful, too, I expect."

Tom, facing Gilbert's mother, wondered suddenly why he hadn't realized that of course this woman would dislike Barbara—would be opposed to the marriage, or at least be very ready to match her disapproval against the first hint of disapproval from "that rich New York lawyer's family." He could probably count on Mrs. Latimer's stiff-necked pride to fight Barbara to the last ditch.

☆ "I'LL frankly admit," said Tom, "that Mrs. Hamilton and I are disturbed to have Barbara and your son—"

"It's a crying shame and a sin!"

The outburst was so much more than Tom expected that he must have jumped. Mrs. Latimer lowered her voice to go on:

"Mr. Hamilton, I was sixty-eight last month. I've done my work. My sister has a little house in Rutland—right in town. 'Go ahead,' Gilbert says. 'Go waste your youth on the vice and luxury of the great city with Aunt Sophy.' Me go! And leave the keeping of this house to hired help? 'You get a wife, Gilbert,' I told him. 'Get a wife. Give her my dishes. Give her all my sheets I've ironed and pots I've scoured, and all my quilts. Give her everything—to be her own. And when everything is hers, I'll go up to Rutland.' That's what I told him."

Mrs. Latimer took a step toward Tom. "I said, 'get a wife.' And what does he do? He brings home this girl of yours. What good is she to him? She'll ruin his stomach and scorch his shirts. What does she know about darning wool drawers?"

"I'm not sure that I'd recommend her as a seamstress," agreed Tom mildly, "but it takes several sorts to make a world. I—"

"What you mean, more likely, is it takes one sort to make a world and another to play with it after it's made. Mind you, I can see she's a sweet pretty little thing. All I say is, what good will she be to Gilbert when it comes to picking fifty broilers for market?"

Tom had learned not to lose his temper in argument.

"You and I wouldn't be able to agree on my daughter's capabilities, but we do agree that for Barbara and Gilbert to marry would be a mistake. I think between us we can prevent it. Can you put me up?" He met Mrs. Latimer's steady, intense gaze. "It won't be for long."

The wiry little woman nodded and opened the door to the kitchen. "Mildred, go make up the bed in the sewing room for Mr. Hamilton." She watched the girl cross the living room and disappear into the front hall. "I'll get up and do it over right before night. That's another one don't know how to make a bed. Wants to be a movie star. All she does about it is go to the movies and frizz her hair. Here comes Gilbert and your girl."

Tom followed Mrs. Latimer into the kitchen. Barbara and Gilbert were coming along the shoveled path from

(Continued on page 40)

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Lower than any other Six! Lower than any Eight!

BIG, ROOMY NEW 1942 # STUDEBAKER CHAMPION

HERE'S more car and more quality for less money than any other Six—or any Eight—in the lowest price field. It's the stand-out new 1942 Studebaker Champion—the finest car of lowest price that Studebaker's brilliant engineers and master craftsmen ever produced.

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Many special Studebaker features at no extra cost!

Finest materials and craftsmanship!

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BUILT-IN MOVABLE FOR RECEPTION IN TRAINS, PLANES, AUTOS

A NEW INVENTION—IT'S DIFFERENT

THE PORTABLE RADIO GUARANTEED TO PLAY WHERE OTHER PORTABLES FAIL . . . OR YOUR MONEY BACK

AT HOME OR AWAY, THE YEAR 'ROUND COMPANION

A most remarkable invention . . . the *Patented* Movable Wavemagnet in this new portable radio which you can carry in one hand, self-powered with a light, one-piece battery pack. Ordinarily it works without outside aerial, outside wires or ground.

LISTEN WHILE YOU TRAVEL . . . PLAY . . . OR WORK

Take this wonder portable where ordinary portables will not work efficiently; in a train, airplane, bus, ship, auto or any windowed building where metal construction *keeps out reception*. The secret of why it works while others fail is in the *Patented* Movable Wavemagnet, exclusive with Zenith.

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WORKS ON LIGHT SOCKET OR BATTERY

If you want to save your battery, plug into any light socket . . . 110 volt AC or DC.

UNDER NO OTHER NAME BUT ZENITH

. . . can you obtain this radio or a portable that *is*, *has*, and *does* so many things! *Patented* Wavemagnet—built-in yet movable—combination battery *and* lighting current operation—loudspeaker *and* earphone reproduction adjustable to varying conditions—reception at home or travelling. Don't buy until you see and hear the Zenith Universal Portable at authorized Zenith dealers everywhere.

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AGAIN A YEAR AHEAD

ZENITH RADIO

LONG DISTANCE

AMERICA'S OLDEST MANUFACTURER OF FINE RADIOS FOR THE HOME

(Continued from page 38)

the barns. Barbara was talking earnestly and Gilbert was grinning. At the back steps he took her face in his gloved hands and kissed her. Barbara tried to protest and continue her argument, then she gave up and slid her arms tight around his neck.

Tom turned away from the window. Mrs. Latimer didn't.

"That's the way they go on. You think you can talk 'em out of it? Well, I guess they're too big to spank."

☆ BARBARA and Gilbert came into the back entry. While they kicked off thudding boots their voices reached the kitchen clearly.

"But, Gilbert, it's *ridiculous* to do all that work and planning if the chickens only make you two hundred dollars in a whole year. It's such a crazy waste of time!"

Gilbert chuckled. "Well, there's the satisfaction of not pouring my skim milk on the snow. Course those broilers won't make me rich, like your dad. But he had to get rich so he could afford to come up to Vermont. I'm already in Vermont."

"But, Gilbert, you could be so much more than just a—"

"I kind of like being a farmer," Gilbert interrupted; but his drawl was gentle, suddenly surprisingly gentle and sweet. "I kind of like you, too, little lady. There are things you'll be needing up here—things you've got a right to. The chickens don't appear to amount to much, maybe. Nor the sugaring. But on a farm those are what buy the extras, Barbara. We'll hanker to drive over Boston way now and again. And like as not you'll find some little picture we ought to bring home to hang up. A few broilers are good for a ticket to a show, and a couple of gallons of fancy syrup will let us listen to that symphony orchestra they've got over there. Remember, I've got me a swell girl to do for nowadays."

Gilbert came in, saw Tom, and stepped aside. Barbara saw her father. Her face froze.

"Barbara," said Tom, "you aren't a child. We'll both keep that in mind. I will and you will. I won't play heavy father and you won't act rebellious brat. I just think, as Gilbert does, that a person ought to be free to use judgment without outside pressure. Gossip is pressure. If you imagine you're above it, you're younger and simpler than I think. You and I accepting the Latimers' hospitality for a few days is cause for no special comment. Is having me around such an unpleasant price to pay?"

Barbara took Gilbert's hand and held it in both of hers while she looked at Tom. "Dad, do you really understand that nobody—not even you—can interfere in this?"

"Has your old father ever really tried to be an interfering kill-joy, towhead?"

"Oh, daddy!" Barbara ran to him. "No, you aren't a kill-joy. And you can't help but be glad because I'm so happy—so gorgeously happy!"

Over Barbara's head Tom saw Gilbert's expressionless face and the pursing of old Mrs. Latimer's tight mouth. They were hard. Yes, both of them were hard. And Barbara was high-strung and sensitive. There was going to be trouble, he was sure. All he had to do was wait and make good use of the trouble when it came.

It was the hired girl Mildred who brought on the first storm.

Barbara—unwisely, Tom felt—undertook to make a cake. She did make it and put it in the oven. Gilbert was starting with the sledge and team to draw some logs to Chaffee's mill. Barbara decided to go with him. She told Mildred to watch the cake and take it out. But Mildred's beau had brought her a new movie magazine. The cake burned to a cinder.

Tom was relieved. Old Mrs. Latimer was wild. Mildred was in disgrace.

"But I was making the cake," Barbara said generously. "It was really my fault."

"Well, it's certain there was no reason to walk off and leave it to Mildred, I grant you."

"Um." Barbara smiled. "Sometimes it can be very important to go riding on a sled."

"Mebbe," snapped Mrs. Latimer; "but that sometimes ain't when you've got a man's supper in the oven."

"I'd be sorry to be such a drudge in a man's kitchen that I forgot to be a companion to him."

"I'd be sorry for the man wasting flour and eggs on a woman that thought her job was being a companion."

"Mother," said Gilbert, "you're just jealous because I didn't take *you* down to show you off at the mill."

"So she's the one you stick up for, is she?"

"Yes. She's my best girl. You're just a flighty female with a hankering to chase off to the big city."

"And to serve you right, that's where I'm going." Mrs. Latimer went stomping out of the living room.

☆ "OH, Gilbert, I didn't mean to quarrel with your mother! Is she—"

"Don't you fret. If a little spat would drive mother out she'd have gone long ago. She'll stick around as long as she's needed." Gilbert shifted his moist leather boots on the fender of the stove. Then, as he went on speaking, he looked at Tom, not at Barbara. "It'd make mother mad to hear me say it, but that kid Mildred has done more kitchen drudgery than mother ever has. Ma's done more hard work. And it was the same work. But hard work isn't mean, like drudgery.

"Now take this Mildred. She's got hold of the idea that housework is drudgery and it'd be more elegant to be a movie actress. Mebbe 'twould. But Mildred isn't an actress. Going to the movies isn't the same kind of thing as making 'em. Looking is fun, but there's no real satisfaction in it. And when Mildred gets back to her work there's no satisfaction in that,

either. Just drudgery—beating rugs and stewing pears.

"But ma has big ideas about what's a stewed pear. And the rug she sets out to beat is likely one she hooked herself—sort of the best she could do about painting a picture. Anyhow, ma'd be working over the things she felt violent about, where Mildred was only working."

Gilbert abruptly dropped his feet off the fender. He stood up. "Well, say, I better shut up and get washed for supper." He grinned. "Even if there isn't any cake." He walked out.

Tom looked at Barbara. She was sitting very straight on the front of her chair.

"He—he was giving me a lecture on housework."

An opportunity had come, and Tom hit. "Well, it's only natural for Gilbert to belong to the woman's-place-is-in-the-home school of thought, Barbara. He thinks of his mother as the ideal sort of woman, and perhaps she is—for here. His own life is made up of small daily chores too, you realize."

"He doesn't think I can do anything. Not just about housework. He means I'm like Mildred and the movies. He means I can't *do* anything."

"Nonsense!" The word came out of Tom sharply—sharp with unreasoned irritation. Because there was fright on Barbara's face. Pride and indignation, and also plain fright. She had no business to look that way.

"What you do and what you are is something he knows nothing about!" said Tom, and realized he was talking too loudly. "All I mean, towhead, is that you can't fairly expect Gilbert to have much understanding of the ways and associates you're used to. As your mother said, he doesn't speak quite the same language."

Tom saw Barbara's chin square. He'd gone too far—or at least, as far as he could go this time.

"Mother also said Gilbert's attraction was all physical," said Barbara, "and I told her that as a matter of fact he's a terrific idealist."

Tom only nodded and got up to put wood in the stove.

At the supper table he found himself studying Gilbert's face. "Terrific idealist," Barbara had said. Well, yes; behind Gilbert's easy Yankee drawl was that other Yankee heritage, an uncompromising integrity of purpose.

It had frightened Barbara. Tom hadn't been mistaken about the fleeting look on her face. He knew he hadn't, because, for the first time, Barbara began that evening to be patronizing toward Gilbert, condescending to the crudities of the Latimer farm. Tom understood. Barbara was fighting for Gilbert's respect and her own self-respect. She wasn't feeling superior. She was trying to prove that her world was important too.

☆ EVERYBODY from the farm went to the dance at the town hall on Saturday night. All Sims River, between the ages of six and eighty, was on hand. Tom and Barbara were the only "outsiders." Per-

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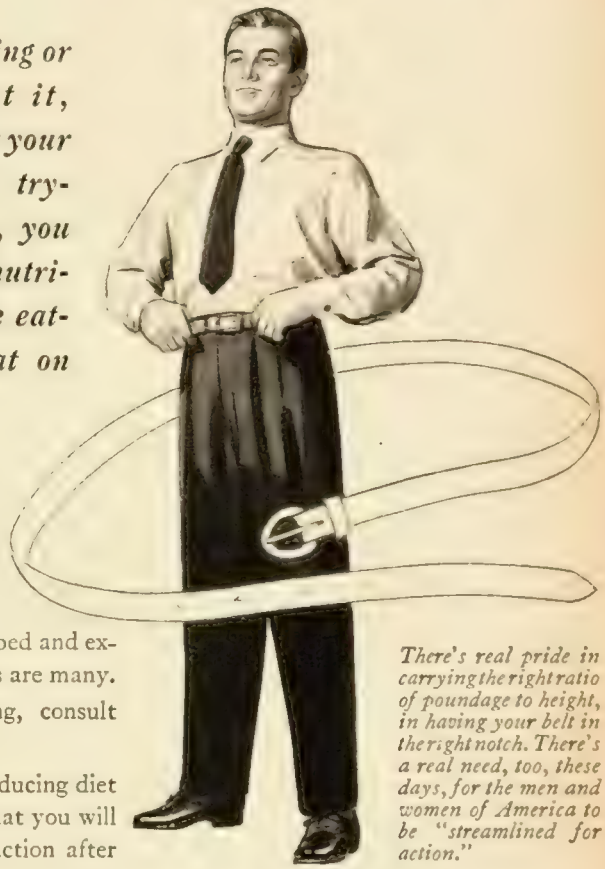

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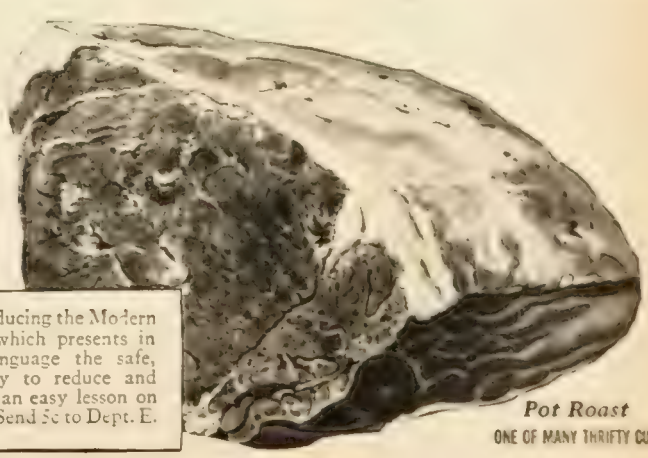

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haps Barbara felt it, because Tom saw that her face was reserved and proud.

Then Miss Evie, the postmistress, fluttered by, pausing long enough to say, "Isn't it a nice party! The music is *so* lovely. I really come just to sit and listen to the music."

"No wonder Miss Evie is thin," smiled Barbara. "As music, this might be called a starvation diet."

Gilbert's eyes crinkled. "Well, now, I kind of like this tune myself. They always play it for the Portland Fancy. Maybe it would sound more like something if we called it 'folk music.' Clyde, there with the fiddle, gets his teeth right in it."

"Yes, he does, almost literally. Well, I admit I'd rather hear them play this than attempt Beethoven."

Gilbert looked soberly at Barbara. "I wasn't remembering you play the piano. Well, say now, there's an old fellow down in Brattleboro used to play violin with the Boston Symphony Orchestra till he went blind. Three or four others go to his house right along to play real music with him. You can play with them, Barbara."

Barbara was looking at Gilbert with a cool stare that didn't quite hide the fright in her eyes. That fright! Tom knew exactly what she was thinking. Tom knew she hadn't kept up her practicing. Probably just now she wouldn't be capable of playing with this quartet or whatever it was. But Gilbert, being himself, would think she didn't care about music if she couldn't do something about it. *He doesn't think I can do anything.* That's what Barbara was thinking.

Well, damn the man! Barbara was a child. She was intelligent and sensitive and fine. She could do things when the time came. If Gilbert couldn't see that, he was a fool!

Gilbert had taken Barbara's hands. "Let's get into this Portland Fancy."

Tom watched them go. He watched Gilbert, at the edge of the dance floor, touch Barbara's shoulder very gently. He whispered something to her and she laughed quickly up at him. Her face was bright and natural and happy.

Gilbert wasn't a fool. Tom realized that Gilbert *did* understand Barbara. He hadn't once made a retort to her condescensions. Gilbert did see that she was intelligent and fine. He loved her, and he did believe she could do things when the time came. The point was, did he believe the time *had* come?

☆ THAT night was a bad one for Tom. He paced his bedroom till he was numb with cold.

He was a lawyer. He knew how to win this case. He was well on the way to winning it. Gilbert could kiss Barbara and make her love him. But the boy wasn't content to let it go at that. The "terrific idealist" part of Gilbert was determined to make Barbara face that thing as he saw it. Gilbert's manner was gentle and patient; but behind the manner Gilbert's demand on Barbara was stubborn, inflexible, and hard.

Barbara saw it. She was frightened, and ready to fight back the easiest way. All Tom had to do was play on Barbara's fear—make her persuade herself she was much too fine for this hard, narrow, literal-minded farm boy.

But Tom realized how much he hated plain snobbery. Doubt and fear were exactly the basis of snobbery. Was that the way he wanted his daughter to answer a man who really loved her? And for himself, was he justified in playing a cheap trick on a man who obviously didn't play cheap tricks, no matter what he had to gain?

Tom had promised to bring Barbara back. He wanted to bring her back. He had to! This was no place for her.

Of course there was another answer to this situation. Tom knew it had been in his mind for days. But how would Kate take it?

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LIBERTY MAGAZINE

The American Way of Life

Tom overslept breakfast next morning. Mildred gave him coffee in the kitchen. Then he found Barbara sweeping the living room.

"Um. I'd like to talk to you two together for a few minutes, Barbara. Where is he?"

"He's in the parlor."

The "best parlor" at the Latimer farm contained a huge roll-top desk and three hideous oak filing cabinets. It was the farm office. Gilbert had gone to agricultural college. He knew the cost and return on all his farm operations and experiments. He did most of his "paper work" in winter.

Gilbert looked up as they came in.

"Gilbert, I want to speak to you on a little business matter. But first I want to make a sort of speech about Barbara."

Barbara stood near the door, but Tom took a chair.

"The first thing a father wonders is whether or not the fellow who loves his girl can make her happy. I came up here wondering that. You see, I think Barbara is a pretty fine girl. She's had a lot of opportunity and she isn't going to be happy unless she has a chance to make something of that opportunity. I didn't know whether you were the man to help her do that or not.

"Well, I've had a chance to watch you and Barbara. I think Barbara'd better come back to New York." Tom crossed his legs. "And, Gilbert, you'd better move to New York too, where you can call on her now and then."

"Daddy! What—"

"Quiet! From here on it's business. Gilbert, one of my clients is an insurance company. They've taken over and are rehabilitating large blocks of mortgaged farms. In the New York office they're having trouble finding people with scientific training and also sufficient practical experience to interpret reports and guide investment policies. It should be interesting work. I can promise you that it will be a profitable connection and will lead to important responsibilities. If I didn't really believe you were the man for the job, I couldn't put you in. You can know that's true, Gilbert, and not feel any hesitation."

☆ "DADDY! Gilbert! Oh, daddy, I knew you'd see! I knew it would be all right. Everything!"

"Well, I doubt a little graft would make me hesitate much," drawled Gilbert, "if I didn't have the farm and needed the job."

"The farm! Gilbert, you darling goof, don't you understand? You'll be making more money than a dozen farms."

"One's about all I can manage. I expect it'll take all the time I'll ever have to run just this one farm."

For a moment Tom stared at Gilbert's expressionless face. It was expressionless but not stupid or confused. Gilbert had understood the offer, but he wasn't grabbing it. Tom heard a sort of gasp from Barbara, and then her voice, in hardly more than a whisper: "Gilbert! You—you mean you won't come to New York?"

Suddenly a snort of laughter choked Tom. He couldn't help it. "Gilbert, you cautious horse-trading Yankee! My big vague gestures don't bowl you over, eh?" Tom laughed again. "I can't sell you a pig in a poke? All right. I'll talk dollars and cents."

Gilbert's eyes crinkled a little. "Well, now and then, maybe, I try to hold up my end in a friendly bargaining session. This time, though, I wasn't figuring any deal."

"Just a minute, Gilbert. I realize I sprang the idea pretty fast, but you'll have plenty of time to think it over. You can't pretend you're a simple, self-satisfied bumpkin who thinks the world begins and ends in the Sims River valley. You aren't a man to hang on to a little job because you're scared of a big one. You know you're capable, and so do I, and that's why I'm recommending you for the job."

"Don't think I'm not obliged to you, Mr. Hamilton. And don't think I've got any crazy ideas about money being no object. The way I said, I'd come begging for your job quick enough if I wasn't making a good living. Maybe I call it a good living because I'm a simple bumpkin, or anyway a fellow no more than ordinary bright. You're dead right, I don't pretend everybody ought to live in Sims River. But it's a good place for an ordinary fellow. He gets sort of lost in New York, doing one special job and trusting all the other jobs to other fellows. Now, here

in Sims River living is no simpler. Matter of fact, a man has to do so many things for himself that it keeps him reminded of how the whole thing ticks. If something comes along and knocks the world cockeyed, he's got some notion of how to put it together again and make it work."

"So," said Tom, "you *do* think everybody should live in Sims River."

"Nope—nope. I'm only talking about a fellow like me with no better than ordinary imagination. It's funny about imagination. When I was a little kid in district school, the teacher told me I was singing America wrong. "It's 'I love thy rocks and rills,' Gilbert," she said, "not '*my* rocks.' Well, I thought it over then and I've thought it over since, and I still say 'my rocks.' It's not that I want to be stingy. But"—Gilbert looked out the parlor window—"there they are. My rocks, sticking up through the snow. I see those rocks every day. I see 'em in my mind when people sing America. If the world gets more rambunctious yet and I have to go fight about it, I'll see 'em then. And someway they'll keep me reminded of what I'm fighting for.

"Mr. Hamilton, I don't expect I'd feel that way about the insurance job."

☆ TOM didn't know how long he looked at Gilbert before he saw that Gilbert was looking at Barbara.

"So you don't care that my father is ready to take you in and help you? You're independent. You're satisfied here, so you don't care how my family feels. You don't care what sort of slave you make out of me."

"Oh, now, Barbara." Gilbert stood up. "I don't want—nobody can make a slave out of you. And living isn't easier in New York. It isn't easier one place than another—not real living."

No. Tom realized that Gilbert would never make living easy for himself or for Barbara. He'd never even try to. Barbara understood that. Gilbert was inflexible and hard and Tom had seen fear in Barbara's eyes. But it wasn't fear in her eyes now—it was disappointment and quick anger.

"Theories. You and your precious theories! They're what you really love, not me. I've been knowing that and not letting myself know it. Theories! And you're afraid to come to New York and live with civilized people!"

She didn't mean quite what she was saying. She wasn't trying to persuade Gilbert. She wanted to hurt him. Tom saw clearly, but Tom had a duty. Tom was here to take advantage of just such an opportunity.

"Gilbert has a right to make his own decisions," he said distinctly, "and, Barbara, you still have a right to make yours. Don't blame Gilbert for your own free choice."

"I don't blame him. I'm only sorry for him for being a fool." Barbara's voice was richly scornful, if not very steady. "Father, you are a generous darling. You've made a wonderful offer. It's perfect, of course. I mean it would be perfect if Gilbert loved me and I—Gilbert, don't come near me!" gasped Barbara quickly. "Father, I've quite come to my senses. I'm going upstairs to pack. Will you drive me home right away?"

Tom opened his mouth. Nothing came out. He nodded and stood up. He watched Barbara go out the door, almost running. Was she running away, afraid of the stern thing Gilbert meant by living? Or was she hiding, to cry out her disappointment over his beautiful offer? Tom knew he mustn't risk any delay. He must get them moving, himself and Barbara.

He glanced again at Gilbert, and dropped his gaze. Tom groped for words. There weren't any. And Gilbert was looking out the window.

Well, Gilbert's rocks were out there, sticking up through the snow. Gilbert had his rocks. And Tom had his little girl. And Kate? He hadn't failed Kate, after all. He was bringing Barbara back—if he moved promptly.

Tom went out of the still parlor and crossed the hall. The stairs to his room were steep. They made him breathe hard. But he wasn't old. They counted on him, Kate and Barbara. Their world depended on him. He'd last awhile. In New York, Barbara would lose her anger, her pique. Barbara would think about Gilbert. Would she be afraid to go back to the boy? Did Tom want her to be afraid?

Tom sighed, almost a panting groan. The stairs were steep. He was old. But he must hurry. He was taking Barbara back to Kate—for a while.

THE END

Seagram's 5 Crown Blended Whiskey. 86.8 Proof. 72½% grain neutral spirits. Seagram-Distillers Corporation, New York

MISSISSIPPI BELLE—Continued from Page 22

The future hit Caitlin with an ax. In the middle of

> I've got a golden ring
> And shoes of russet leather—

she grabbed the edge of the piano, screamed, and fainted.

Caitlin's baby was born. Caitlin was sure she was dying, but the whiskered doctor told her she was doing as well as most, and that the baby was a boy.

For twenty-four hours Caitlin resented the child for the pain and trouble it had caused her. Then she began to sing, low and a little bit, when it took hold on her breast. . . . "Damn little bulldog—sure it's got teeth in it already! Now, listen, you!

> "When I went up to Dublin city,
> Just about at the hour of night,
> What did I see but a fine Spanish lady
> Washing her feet by the candlelight—

"Ah, lambie—it's all gone? Well, here's another. Ah, you!"

The stupid, kindly bad girls came to *oh* and *ah* over the baby. They brought port wine, calf's-foot jelly, long lacy baby clothes, luck charms. A big luscious-looking blonde girl who had once been acquitted of shooting her fancy man brought four dozen diapers. She put them down, said, "My baby was born dead," burst into tears, and went away. Bad girls—but Caitlin didn't know how she would have brought this thing into the world without them.

Blake came, of course. He stood, embarrassed, in the doorway. He asked if there was anything he could do.

☆ ON the third day Coolin came up. He put his hat carefully on the floor. "Sure, your ladyship, I don't want to trouble you at all. But could I see this one? A wise man once told me that I have a lucky face, and that the lad I looked on would be lucky too. And, your ladyship, I have taken the liberty to wash myself all over with hot water and monkey soap and a big scrub brush. And my hands are very clean and one of the ladies downstairs cut the ten fingernails off me, so I couldn't scratch himself at all. I am very strong, your ladyship—I wouldn't drop him—"

Caitlin watched this thing in the hands of Coolin as a mother cat watches a kitten picked up by a member of the family. Not snarling—proud, in fact—but watchful. Coolin's hands were the size of a cradle.

"Now what name, your ladyship—Ah, young fella, be still! Sure—eat the thumb off me! . . . You cannot put the name of his honor on this one—it's unlucky so."

That had been bothering Caitlin. She did not want to name her baby for Buck. There was only one Buck—there could never be another. But Buck had failed her when she needed him. Oh, it didn't matter—

"Will you tell me what name was on your father, please, your ladyship?"

"Shamus. Shamus Ryan—and he was a strong man!"

"Then you should know how to name this one, your ladyship. And I thank you—and himself!" He put the baby back in the crook of her arm, picked up his hat, brushed it on his sleeve, and went away.

Shamus? No; Shamus was too quaint for these modern days. James! James was just Shamus in the English. She thought, I'll call the name of this boy James.

☆ THE boy was nearly a year old when Caitlin stormed into Blake's office with fire in her eye.

"What d'you mean, telling people that I'm your woman? And that James is yours and named for you?"

Blake looked unhappy. He had supposed this would have to come sometime. He said, "Folks were bound to think so, my dear. But who, specifically?"

"Bruce Norris, specifically. He said you told him!"

"I told him to keep his hands off you in the dance room, and he—well, he probably drew conclusions."

"You let him draw them. You think I can't take care o' myself, you—you—" She faced him, raging.

"Not with Bruce Norris." Blake tapped the silver bell on his desk. "He's bad—as thoroughly vicious as a man can be. A gentleman gone bad. . . . Oh, Erasmus"—to the servant who had appeared on the instant—"I'll have a ball of bourbon, and you can bring Miss Ryan a glass of madeira. Thanks."

"I don't want your madeira! I want—"

"You don't have to drink it. Now sit down—please!"

Caitlin hesitated, then plumped herself, outraged, onto a chair.

"Now, Miss Ryan—" Blake kept carefully to her professional name, and made the rest of the house do it. "Now, Miss Ryan, people are bound to think it anyhow. You think you can take care of yourself. Well, I'm here to tell you, you can't. Now, a moment"—as Caitlin half got to her feet—"I wish it was that way. I wish you'd marry me—"

Caitlin stared at him, her mouth half open. There was so much she wanted to say that at the moment she couldn't say anything at all.

"If you were the very last man on earth—"

"Naturally." Blake nodded. "I understand that. I was just saying I wish you felt differently. . . . Oh, thanks, Erasmus. Put 'em on the table, please. That's all. . . . Now—"

"I wouldn't drink that—"

"You don't have to, Miss Ryan. Now—we're partners in a business. It is a perfectly honest business but it is not a respectable business. There are honest gamblers—I'm one. I will

post the odds against the player at any table, and if he doesn't understand why he can't win in the long run, I'll be glad to tell him. The fact is, he doesn't want to understand. It spoils his fun. I've tried to tell more than one—they don't want to hear. And tomorrow they'll go to a land-speculation bank and listen to a land banker, who will sell them land scrip on which he profits 40 per cent to start with, and charges 10 per cent interest. Sorry, Miss Ryan; I got off the point. There are honest bankers—those are the bankers we bank with. But I pick a banker because I know his reputation. I don't—"

"Will you kindly quit beating about the bush?"

"Well—banking is respectable. Gambling is not. You are not respectable in this house. Men will put their hands on you—"

"I can slap them off!"

"You won't slap off Bruce Norris' hands so easy. For all he's no good—vicious, a nasty fellow—he has influence here. If he—and others—think you're my woman, they'll keep their hands off you. Otherwise—well, you'll have to keep slapping."

Scornfully Caitlin said, "I suppose you told him you'd challenge him and kill him in a duel!"

"Why, no, Miss Ryan." Blake swirled the dregs in his glass. He wished to heaven he had never taken a woman partner. "Bruce Norris would never fight a duel against myself. He's a gentleman—though he takes cocaine, I believe, and there are strange stories about him. I'm a man running a gambling house. He doesn't have to fight me. I just told him that if he put his hands on you again, I'd kill him. He doesn't want to be killed—so he won't."

Caitlin took a deep breath. Killing, a gambling house, the girls along Royal Street—she didn't know—

"I can take care of myself—" But it lacked conviction.

"In a convent, Miss Ryan, yes. When your husband was taking care of you, yes. As a partner in a gambling house you have a lot to learn. Now, though, I think you'll have less pawing—"

Curiously, Caitlin found herself sipping her madeira and listening to Blake. "And, Miss Ryan, I think you'll be happier—I think it would be better if you and the boy moved out of here. I'll try to find a place—the house can stand it."

☆ IT was a small house in a poor street but with plenty of light and air. It was not a slum—decent people lived there, small clerks from stores and offices, who kept things clean. The women made friends with little Mrs. Preswald and her baby over back fences, on the stoop, at the grocery. They asked her in for a glass of beer or a pitcher of lemonade in the hot afternoons. They were a little sorry for Mrs. Preswald because she was a widow and had to work nights (some kind of a night bookkeeping job at the St. Charles Hotel).

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They were a little glad that Mrs. Preswald wasn't ever there for the evening. Tim or Herman or Ezékiel, or Aristophane—you never could tell. She did look young and she had a kind of way with her—a widow. But in the daytime they liked her—and they loved her baby.

It was possibly the only time Caitlin was completely happy. She loved them, too—oh, people were grand! (Though at night she worried a lot about James and the black nurse Blake had rented.)

Probably not once in the years in the little house did any one connect poor little Mrs. Preswald, so neat in her black dress, buying her sausage and her vegetables at Vielhaber's on the corner, with the flaming girl who sang at Blake's. Small clerks on the loose didn't go to Blake's. And Kate Ryan—well, the things you heard about Kate Ryan! But Mrs. Preswald continued to bargain for groceries, and always got her change back to the last picayune. Not like the New Orleans ladies, who never bothered with less than five cents—or the flashy women of the District, who waved away anything smaller than a quarter.

☆ THEN, one night at Blake's, a nasty noisy French girl fainted on the dance floor, and when she came to she shrieked that she was dying and wanted a priest. Kate Ryan knew what was wrong—she'd had a row with her fancy man. But she took her upstairs and sent Coolin on the run. And Coolin, unable to find a priest at the moment, brought back two black-robed Sisters.

And one was Sister Serena.

☆ IT says much for both Sister Serena and for Caitlin that their meeting where and as they did brought embarrassment to neither of them. Sister Serena was far too intelligent and had had far too much experience of life to be shocked. Caitlin was not ashamed—she had nothing to be ashamed of. The two went into each other's arms and cried a little for pure joy of meeting again. There were a few moments of excited questions and explanations. Then Caitlin went down for her two-o'clock appearance while Sister Serena took care of the hysterical drunken woman.

Sister Serena's life was spent that way—in helping people, not in trying to reform them. People, Sister Serena thought, reformed themselves.

She came often to Blake's after that. Much of her work lay in Royal Street, where there was plenty of helping to be done. The croupiers at the tables came to admire her. The girls adored her with the kindly, stupid sentimentality of their sort. Perhaps the person who admired her most was Jim Blake. He had an instinct for fineness.

☆ MORE often, she came to Caitlin's small house. There, through long hot hours, the two would chat and drink lemonade and play with the baby. On James, Sister Serena lavished the devotion of a doting maiden aunt. James took it placidly and cheerfully—he was a cheerful, placid baby.

As time went on—a year, two years—Sister Serena was far from feeling any placidity. She was not normally one to mix in other people's business, but she was beginning to feel a duty.

James was beginning to trot around now and to ask questions. And sometime somebody was going to find out that Mrs. Preswald was the notorious Kate Ryan.

"I know," Caitlin admitted miserably, when Sister Serena put it up to her one hot afternoon. "Many's the time I've lain awake thinking of it. But what can I do?"

"I've thought of it, too, child—on my knees. And it seems an answer has come, if you can bring yourself to take it." She went on, while Caitlin listened in dumb misery. . . . This very morning Sister Serena's transfer had come. She was to be assistant head of a school near Nashville.

"It's a fine school, from all I can learn. For one thing, it isn't a charity. And he'd be with me. Child, I know it would be a wrench for you, but what can you do that's better for him—or as good?"

She didn't say more. She left it to Caitlin's good sense. And after two heartbroken days Caitlin agreed.

A week later Caitlin stood at the door and held the small chubby body in her arms. Never again soft like this—never again the round baby flesh close against her. She tried to speak, but no sound came. He wriggled and kicked against her. "Ride wagon!" he shouted, waving at the carriage by the curb. "Ride steamboat!"

She thrust him blindly into Sister Serena's arms. She turned back into the house and collapsed in a small, unhappy huddle on the bottom stair. It was a long time before she got to her feet and set about the work of closing up the little house and moving back to her room at Blake's.

Will Caitlin's loneliness drive her into a marriage with Blake—or into the arms of some other man? And what sort of man could Kate Ryan, her name tarnished by association with a gambling house, hope to get? Follow her strange exciting fortunes next week.

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MORE WOMEN IN HITLER'S LIFE

Continued from Page 17

same reason. And then, just as the first time, he sat next to her like a schoolboy and behaved like one, holding her hand, whispering soft words into her ear.

Once he sprang up suddenly, without any reason, and raised his arm in the Nazi salute. He said, "You know, I can keep that up for hours at a time. Only a few days ago I had to review the troops and I had to salute for six hours. I always laugh because Göring has so much trouble doing it. . . ."

"I wanted to laugh," Renate told a friend later. "It was screamingly funny. He thought he was making such an impression on me! He probably wanted to show me how strong he is." And after a while she went on: "But I couldn't laugh. Even afterward I couldn't. I was afraid!"

Renate was terrified. And though she was an actress, she was not able to hide her fear entirely. Hitler, who saw her often during the following months, must have felt this fear in her. It did not diminish her charm in his eyes. He would send her flowers and presents. He kept inviting her to the Chancellery. He even sent her a magnificent horse as a gift.

Then, one morning, she received a precious diamond bracelet. In the box lay the visiting card of the Führer. Now she knew. Even the Führer wouldn't make such presents if he didn't expect something in return. She made her decision. She had to leave. She had to go to France. Hurriedly she packed a few suitcases. Then she went to the UFA offices to arrange for a vacation. She told nobody that she was not coming back.

When she arrived, she was told one of Himmler's right-hand men was waiting for her.

He came to the point right away. Did she know that Herr Frank Deutsch was in danger? She shook her head. He smiled unpleasantly. "There are people who think we cannot reach them because they happen to be in Paris, London, or New York. But the Gestapo has a way of reaching anybody it is interested in."

Renate understood. When she returned to her house, she found a letter from the Chancellery. Hitler invited her to see her new picture with him that same evening. The performance was to start at midnight.

She found herself alone with Hitler and Hess in the Führer's private theater. But it was not her picture that she was seeing; it was something dreadful—something she had never thought existed. Hitler remarked that the film had been imported from South America. The so-called plot consisted of the sufferings of a white woman who was continually being tortured, beaten, assaulted by three men who wore masks—and nothing else. Renate tried to look away, but Hitler insisted, "You mustn't miss this. Maybe some day you'll want to play such a part."

Not even her best friends could find out from her what had happened that night at the Chancellery. They thought she cried because she was lonesome for Frank. And, of course, she was.

But her unhappiness, her desperation, had less to do with Frank than with those trips to the Chancellery at night, which were becoming more frequent.

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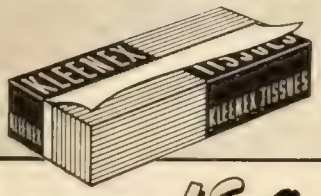

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(from a letter by M. S., Glencoe, Ill.)

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(from a letter by B. S., Bronx, N. Y.)

MY FAVORITE GAG! I BITE ON A KLEENEX TISSUE EVERY TIME I CHANGE DRESSES--IT PREVENTS LIPSTICK SMEARS--CUTS CLEANING BILLS. (from a letter by M. D. N., Mechanicville, N. Y.)

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See the
WOODSTOCK
TYPEWRITER

It was then that she started to take morphine.

One day she went to see Himmler. "I must see him once more," she said, asking for a permit to go to England, where Frank was living now. "I want to say good-by."

Himmler said that was quite all right, but that if she were wise she would return soon—and of her own accord. Renate nodded dumbly.

She went to London. She had a few last days with the man she loved.

Many things happened as soon as she went back. First, Renate was forbidden to make any more pictures. Theoretically, the only one who could pronounce such a ban was Goebbels. Later he denied knowledge of it.

Then there was gossip about a trial of Renate Mueller for "race defilement"; it was a crime for a German woman to have an affair with a Jew. Such a trial could have been started only at the instigation of the Gestapo. But later on Himmler denied he had had anything to do with the matter.

By then everybody in the movie industry knew that, whether Renate was allowed to make pictures or not, she wasn't able to. She had to be taken to a sanatorium. Everybody knew about the morphine.

Two of her former best friends told her that she might soon be arrested. They advised her to use her influence with Hitler. With great difficulty they smuggled her out of the sanatorium and packed her into a car. But she didn't see Hitler. At the Chancellery she was told he was too busy.

Later on it was said that she died of heart failure. But she didn't. She jumped out of a window at the sanatorium. She jumped at the moment a car stopped at the entrance and four men in SS uniforms stepped out.

At first Hitler wanted to go to the hospital where she was, but Goebbels finally persuaded him not to.

Goebbels was quite right in not letting the Führer go to Renate's bedside. She never regained consciousness. And the Führer would not have liked to listen to what she said in her delirium.

After the two days she died. She was thirty years old.

Hitler never mentioned her name again, and the people around him were careful not to speak of Renate Mueller, either. In those days Hitler spent more time than ever in his private theater. Sometimes he went right after dinner and stayed till five and six in the morning. He was once more in love with a movie star. He was so much in love that, since there was only one copy of her newest picture in Germany then, and he did not want to part with it, the public opening of the film was postponed.

The star was fortunate enough to live not in Germany but in the United States. Her name was ———

THE END

Further disclosures concerning women unlucky enough to have become entangled in Hitler's life will be made by Curt Riess next week.

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HOWARD BARNES

READING TIME • 5 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

★★★½
H. M. PULHAM, ESQ.

A fine director usually makes a fine picture. That's the case with this screen version of the popular John P. Marquand novel. The book could scarcely have had better treatment as a film. King Vidor, who has such memorable movies as The Big Parade, The Crowd, Our Daily Bread, and The Citadel to his credit, has staged the show with sweep and imagination. There are very few tricks of the trade that are not pulled magnificently in H. M. Pulham, Esq. Whether he is registering the unspoken thoughts of his central character, as the Bostonian reviews his life, or is filling in a rich background of living for the biography, Vidor always does a stunning job.

What faults there are in the offering stem from the inherent difficulty of translating an episodic novel to a screen drama. When the film is cutting back to Pulham's career, it is always first-rate entertainment. You see Pulham as he is being spanked into existence at his birth. You see him going off as a small boy to an exclusive New England private school. His progress through a traditional bringing-up is carefully documented as he attends dancing school and later goes to Harvard. Even his war experiences, back in 1918, are celebrated with a striking economy of imagery.

The heart of the film, of course, is devoted to the hero's attempt to escape from the stuffy contentment of a well ordered existence in the city where the Lowells speak only to Cabots and the Cabots speak only to God. Vidor, in his script and his direction, has made this central section of the novel tremendously fascinating. Pulham, working in a New York advertising agency, represents all sorts of conflicts in living and human experience. His romance with a beautiful copy writer is a tender and moving love story. His work at exploiting a brand of soap has brilliant flashes of satire. The terrific struggle he goes through to shake off the hold of his family and background, before he finally settles down to a rather smug existence in the home of the bean and the cod, is far more dramatic than I would have believed possible.

Where the picture falters is in its final sequences. When Pulham, middle-aged and a creature of habits, suddenly meets the great love of his life again and tries for a second time to escape the Boston tradition, the plot goes a bit haywire. One might accept the fact that he and his former sweetheart could not recapture their earlier romantic fervor. It is hard to take the climax, in which an obviously unhappy man becomes resigned to the pattern of his life and goes off on some sort of spree with his staid wife.

The title role of the picture demanded great acting. It has great acting, but not from a top ranking star. Robert Young, who has always struck me as being good but far short of great, turns in a knockout portrayal of Pulham. From the Harvard undergraduate sequences through to the time that the Boston patrician reviews his life as he writes a biography for a class reunion, Young never misses an aspect of a challenging character. He is Pulham throughout. As a rebellious young man or the gray-haired man who makes peace with his destiny and his environment, he is genuinely splendid.

Meanwhile Hedy Lamarr gives him fine support in the part of the glamorous advertising woman who knows that she can't fit into a stuffy Boston atmosphere, and Ruth Hussey is excellent as the patrician childhood friend of Pulham whom he finally marries. Charles Coburn, Bonita Granville, Van Heflin, and Charles Halton round out the acting brilliantly. Even with its lame ending, H. M. Pulham, Esq., is a picture that you will see and remember for a long time afterward.

(M-G-M.)

★★★ **SUNDOWN**

British colonial exploits are brought right up to date in this tale of Nazi spies, native uprisings, and military exploits in Kenya colony. On one side you have Bruce Cabot, George Sanders, and Reginald Gardiner, keeping the life line of empire open through the Dark Continent. On the other you have Carl Esmond, as a German agent, trying to foment trouble with East African natives and break the British hold on Africa. Under Henry Hathaway's spectacular staging, the show is a rousing melodrama for much of the time. The basic material is a bit shoddy by this time, though, even with the contemporary underlining.

The plot deals with the efforts of a Nazi *agent provocateur* to run arms into British East Africa and wipe out a key outpost of the district. An English officer, with the help of a hunter, foils the scheme by discovering the German concentration of rifles and machine guns and cleaning up on the villains in a bang-up skirmish.

Cabot does the main job of acting in the film as the wise young officer who goes singlehanded into hostile native territory. Gene Tierney, who is brought in for romantic purposes, is far from convincing as a supposed Arab trader who turns out to be a British agent. Harry Carey as the hunter, Joseph Calleia as an Italian who has voluntarily come over to the British side, and the other players are fine. Sundown is supposed to be new. It isn't. But it makes for a good show while Hathaway is concentrating on the battle scenes and the derring-do of the hero.

(Walter Wanger-United Artists.)

FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—Dumbo, One Foot in Heaven, The Little Foxes, The Stars Look Down, Sergeant York, Major Barbara.

★★★½—How Green Was My Valley, Two-Faced Woman, Birth of the Blues, Suspicion, It Started with Eve, You'll Never Get Rich, International Lady, Honky Tonk, All That Money Can Buy, Hold Back the Dawn.

★★★—Shadow of the Thin Man, Blues in the Night, Playmates, The Chocolate Soldier, Target for Tonight, Skylark, Ladies in Retirement, The Feminine Touch, Smilin' Through, International Squadron, Navy Blues, Lydia, Dive Bomber, Nothing but the Truth, Life Begins for Andy Hardy, Charley's Aunt, Here Comes Mr. Jordan, Wild Geese Calling, Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, Sun Valley Serenade, Lady Be Good, Father Takes a Wife, Tom, Dick and Harry, My Life with Caroline, Manpower, The Bride Came C. O. D., They Met in Bombay, Moon over Miami, Blossoms in the Dust, Tight Shoes, Underground, The Big Store, Man Hunt, Out of the Fog, Caught in the Draft, In the Navy, Billy the Kid, Sunny, Blood and Sand, The Reluctant Dragon, Love Crazy, Kiss the Boys Goodbye.

☆ LIBERTY'S BOOK TIP ☆

by Donald Gordon

THE TALL BROTHERS, by Leslie Evan Schlytter.

The author, a new name, has written a story of the rough and tough days of the Wisconsin lumbering industry when the individualist operators were so rugged that the other Roosevelt bellowed and thundered. It was only about thirty-five years ago, and California of the gold-rush days had nothing on this scene for color and uninhibited action. The novel follows the career of a Harvard man who proves harder than most of the local jacks. You won't go to sleep on it! (Appleton-Century Co.)

Charlie McCarthy's Ten Best Jags

BY HOWARD SHARPE

READING TIME • 7 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

☆ "ARE you eating a tomato or is that your nose?" said Charlie McCarthy to W. C. Fields when the famous comedian appeared on the McCarthy program. And for months Hollywood quoted the remark as the most classic of local insults.

Charlie has been getting away with such fun-poking ever since his big-

time air debut in 1936, when the radio dials of America began turning to the NBC position at 8 P. M. Sunday evenings. We say Charlie because, despite his description on Edgar Bergen's income-tax report as a "wooden ventriloquist's dummy," the dapper little fellow with the engaging grin has long been accepted by his public as a real person. Bergen has gone to considerable lengths to foster this conception of Charlie. He realizes he is able to put into the mouth of the precocious child a brand of satire that would be unseemly coming from himself, an adult.

From the beginning of his career as a comedian, Charlie has expressed what humor there is inherent in such things as impoliteness, sex without benefit of the Spiritual Outlook, and mischief incarnate. These are things most people, being human and subject to such frailties, are glad to laugh about if given the chance; which may explain why one year after Bergen started Charlie on his enchantingly outrageous radio ride to success only three rival programs—Crosby, Benny, and a soap-sponsored play—could match his popularity.

This is the flavor Charlie gives otherwise simple repartee:

(*Upon Charlie's acquisition of a telescope:*)

BERGEN: Can you see Capricorn, the goat?

CHARLIE: *See* him—you can *smell* him!

(*Upon Charlie's return from a Boy Scout outing:*)

BERGEN: I suppose you all sat around a campfire in the evening?

CHARLIE: Yes indeed.

BERGEN: Did you roast corn?

CHARLIE: No—but we gave a marshmallow a hotfoot.

(*Upon receipt of Charlie's report card:*)

BERGEN: It's disgraceful! In all my

years at school I never failed in a single subject. Can you say the same?

CHARLIE: Yes, but not with such a straight face.

(*Upon Nurse Dorothy Lamour's entrance while Charlie is being prepared for a tonsillectomy:*)

CHARLIE: Oh, nurse, why are you and the doctor dressed all in white?

LAMOUR: For your operation.

CHARLIE: I didn't know I was having a formal opening. . . .

(*And when Charlie has not done very well in his flying lessons:*)

CHARLIE: Give me one more chance, Bergen. Just give me one more lesson and I promise you I'll make a perfect ace of myself.

Bergen, astonishingly, says he thinks Charlie is a typical American boy. It is unlikely that many American boys, at eleven or twelve, have the enormous sex-consciousness Charlie has. Bergen, however, insists this is the exaggerated awareness of any youngster and essentially naïve.

(*For instance, on a trip to Hawaii:*)

CHARLIE: Folks, this is beachcomber McCarthy. Those people on the mainland—they don't know what's good. (*Aside:*) Oh, girls—you hula girls, you simply must leave me alone.

BERGEN: Charlie, I don't see any . . .

CHARLIE: Quiet, Bergen. I'm makin' Ameche jealous. Now, girls, take away those grass skirts or I'll clip 'em, so help me. I'll mow 'em down!

The McCarthy thinks Bergen is an incomparable miser.

The best routine conceived on this idea: Charlie has been complaining about a stateroom Bergen reserved for him, and Bergen has retorted that it was a perfectly adequate space.

CHARLIE: Yeah? Well, I didn't mind the porthole being painted on the wall, and I didn't mind the passengers

(*Continued on page 52*)

Private Mullarkey's leave starts at 11:48½ A.M...

and he isn't going to lose a second of it

. . . he's using that fast-starting Texaco Sky Chief gasoline

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2 GREAT RADIO PROGRAMS

FRED ALLEN Every Wednesday night. See your local newspaper for time and station.

METROPOLITAN OPERA. Complete broadcasts of great operas every Saturday afternoon. Consult newspapers for time and stations.

(*Continued from page 50*)
coming down there to develop pictures, but when I found that I was sharing accommodations with a propeller shaft, that was too much.

BERGEN: Oh, your cabin wasn't that far down!

CHARLIE: It wasn't, eh? My cabin was so far down that when I came up on A deck I got the bends. . . .

BERGEN: Didn't you really have a porthole in your room, Charlie?

CHARLIE: A porthole! Part of my accommodations was a miner's lamp! It was so far down that the directions on my door read: "In case of emergency, don't bother doing anything."

The boy knows he's responsible for the success of the act, and he doesn't hesitate to say so publicly. Bergen never retaliates, as a man less tolerant or a comedian less aware of his place would, by reminding the boy on his knee that he wouldn't get very far without the owner of the knee.

Sometimes, though, Charlie blames Bergen for allowing him to talk himself into an embarrassing situation. The routine in which Clark Gable helped is a case in point. Charlie, unaware that it was Gable who had recently married Carole Lombard, waxed lugubrious about the current trend toward domesticity of his favorite Hollywood women. "All my old flames are being snuffed out," he remarked. "Andrea Leeds, Annabella, Barbara Stanwyck. . . . But the one I miss most is Carole Lombard."

GABLE: Oh, you liked Carole?

CHARLIE: Oh, yes. Sure! She was a great girl—a grea-a-at girl! A little dizzy, but a nice kid.

Going further, Charlie explained that Carole had married a jerk.

GABLE: Really? I heard he was an actor.

CHARLIE: Well, there's room for argument there. He's a holdover from lantern slides.

Upon discovering at last that Gable was Carole's husband, Charlie stuttered with embarrassment. Bergen said, "Charlie, I tried to tell you."

"Oh, sure, sure," interposed Charlie furiously. "You didn't even know enough to keep my mouth shut. . . .

A prize example of McCarthy wit is the following routine. It contains some of the best comedy writing produced in the history of the Bergen-McCarthy team.

BERGEN: . . . What did you mean when you said I'll get a bill? A bill for what? Tell me, Charlie, has it anything to do with your new car?

CHARLIE: Well, I . . . er . . . ah . . .

BERGEN: I didn't see your car outside in the parking lot. You haven't driven it today, have you?

CHARLIE: No—I walked. It's so nice outside. Walking is such good exercise . . . legs full of muscles . . . lungs full of air . . .

BERGEN: Now, Charlie, what I want to know is, did you have any trouble with the car today?

CHARLIE: No . . . not today.

BERGEN: Did you have any trouble yesterday?

CHARLIE: No. . . . Try Friday.

BERGEN: All right. Did you have trouble Friday?

CHARLIE: Plenty.

Tough beard's a pipe when you get wise
To Thin Gillettes, like other guys!
These thrifty blades are super-keen—
They shave you fast and slick and clean!

New kind of edges on steel hard enough to cut glass
THIN
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4 for 10c
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The Thin Gillette Blade Is Produced By The Maker Of The Famous Gillette Blue Blade

Save Extra Money! Get The Big New Economy Pack, 12 For 27c

BERGEN: I thought so! Well, start from the beginning. What happened?

CHARLIE: Well, Friday morning I got up bright—and late, jumped into my racer, and hurried off to school, little student that I am, and the first thing I knew, a policeman gave me a ticket.

BERGEN: Why?

CHARLIE: For driving too slow.

BERGEN: You mean too fast, don't you?

CHARLIE: No, too slow. The cop caught me.

BERGEN: Charlie, if you ignore traffic rules it's a miracle you haven't gotten into more serious trouble.

CHARLIE: What makes you think I haven't?

BERGEN: Well, what was it?

CHARLIE: After the cop gave me a ticket, I was late for school, see? So with a song in my heart and a ticket in my pocket, off I went! Oh, it was lovely . . . while it lasted.

BERGEN: I imagine so.

CHARLIE: And that's when it happened.

BERGEN: What happened?

CHARLIE: The worst. There I was, whizzing along Main Street, when all of a sudden a car appeared from nowhere . . . straight ahead of me.

BERGEN: Did you see him?

CHARLIE: Well, I just threw my head out the window to get a good look, and before I had time . . .

BERGEN: Why didn't you look through the windshield?

CHARLIE: It was all covered with Safety First stickers.

BERGEN: Did you hit the other car?

CHARLIE: I didn't miss it. Crash! Bang! Wheels flew! Smoke poured! . . . Oh, it was gruesome!

BERGEN: Were you still in the car after the accident?

CHARLIE: In it? I was wearing it!

BERGEN: Did any one help you?

CHARLIE: No. I untangled myself, and then the other guy crawled out of his car and we had an argument.

BERGEN: Don't you know you shouldn't argue? In case of an accident, you should call a policeman immediately.

CHARLIE: Well, that wasn't necessary.

BERGEN: Why not?

CHARLIE: The guy I ran into was a cop.

BERGEN: He was! Well, how badly damaged was the squad car?

CHARLIE: Bergen, why split hairs? Junk is junk!

BERGEN: So that's why you didn't come home last night! You were afraid to face me!

CHARLIE: They wouldn't let me come home.

BERGEN: Who wouldn't let you? Where were you?

CHARLIE: I was in the clink . . . the hoosegow.

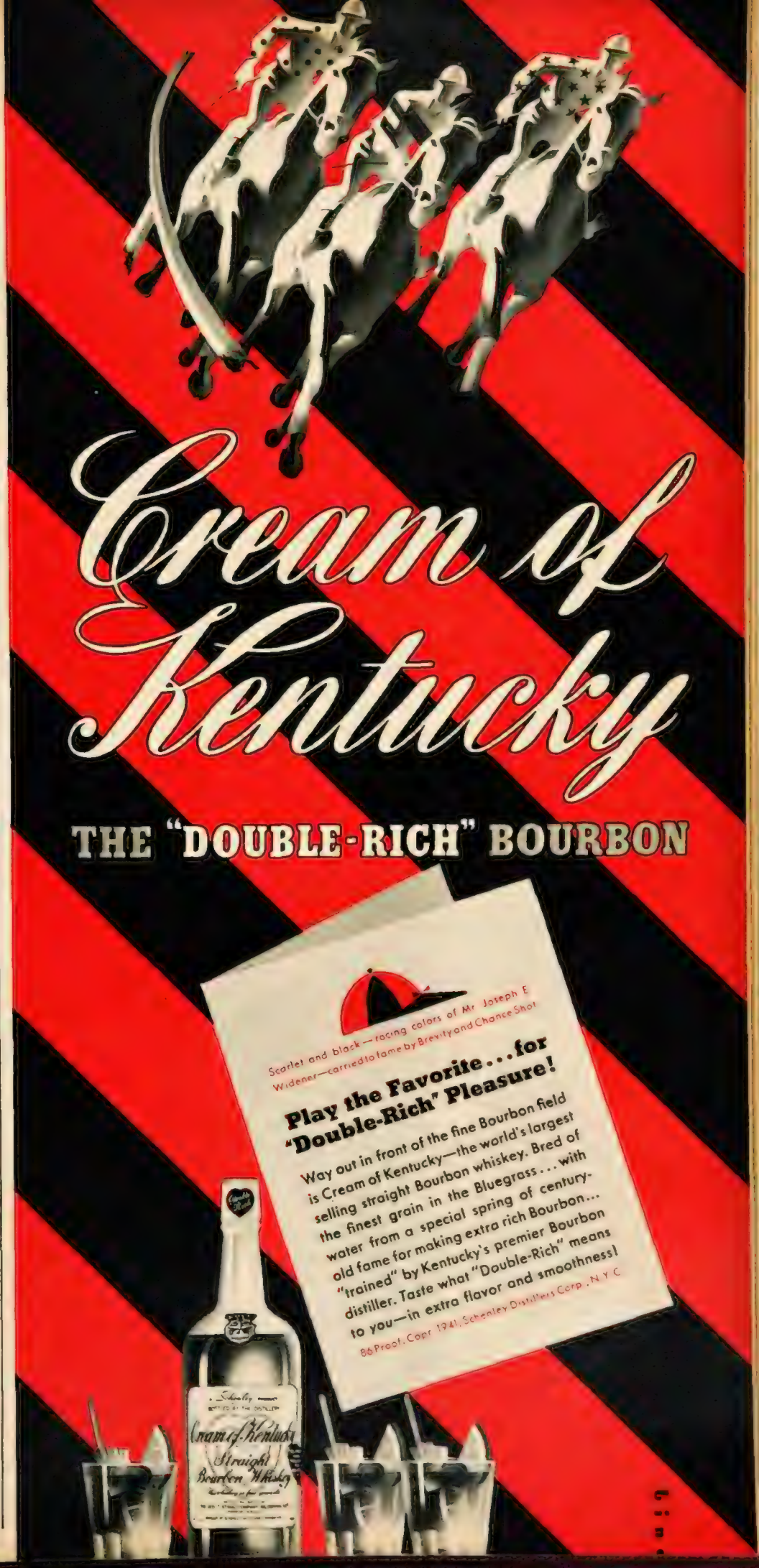
BERGEN: The what?

CHARLIE: The jug . . . the stir . . . I was incarcerated.

BERGEN: You mean in jail?

CHARLIE: Well, if you want to put it that way—yes.

THE END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Way out in front of the fine Bourbon field is Cream of Kentucky—the world's largest selling straight Bourbon whiskey. Bred of the finest grain in the Bluegrass . . . with water from a special spring of century-old fame for making extra rich Bourbon . . . "trained" by Kentucky's premier Bourbon distiller. Taste what "Double-Rich" means to you—in extra flavor and smoothness!
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This Man's Army

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READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

☆ WHY should soldiers be ashamed of their uniforms? Often men at this post will borrow civilian clothes that are not pressed or do not fit or need repair or are unsuited to the weather, just so they will have something besides their uniforms to wear. This is true especially when they are planning to go to town or to call on young ladies, or both. Besides the fact that a clean, pressed, well fitting uniform looks better than over- or undersized "civvies," it seems that a soldier should have enough pride in his uniform to wear it anywhere.

Pfc. F. H. J., Fort Bragg, N. C.

Well, there's another side to it which has nothing to do with a man's pride. I refer to any man's natural desire for a change. After you have worn a uniform all day and maybe for several days, it's fun to get into other clothes and to resume the capacity of a civilian for a few hours. That's not lacking pride in your uniform; it's no different than putting on slippers and a bathrobe when you get home from the office. As a P.S. to my comment, read the following letter for another slant on the same subject.

Why, oh, why, Sarge, do they have to dress us in uniforms which are not notably distinguishable from WPA workers'? I'm only a buck private and this is just my two cents' worth, but they've even taken away the old campaign hat that was the trade-mark of the American soldier in any land. A distinctive uniform can do wonders for a man's morale.

Pvt. J. V. K., Fort McIntosh, Tex.

I was in the Navy almost six years. In the course of that last year I was let out with a bad-conduct discharge. I had a rating and I was well liked and I believe that I would not have been discharged if I had asked for clemency. But at that time I didn't care and I didn't realize how wrong I was.

Since I've been out of the service the desire to be back has been in my mind constantly, awake or asleep. I'd give my life for another chance. I've tried repeatedly to be reinstated, but with no success. Even the Army won't have me . . . I've been classified as 4-F because of my Navy discharge.

I know that the fault is no one's but my own, but I want to do something for my country at a time like this and I can't be satisfied with just buying stamps and bonds. Is there any hope for me, Sarge?

Ex-Gob, Pa.

This rates inclusion in the list of "saddest stories ever told." Frankly, I don't know what, if any, steps you can take to wipe out the effect of that bad-conduct discharge. If any reader does know, I hope he will write me and I'll pass the word along to you. I have printed your letter as an object lesson for men who may not give a damn now but will have to pay for their indifference in the future, just as you are doing.

My only son was inducted last June, assigned to Camp Callan, then in October sent to Fort Lawton, Seattle, for a few days, and finally shipped to Kodiak Island, Alaska. Is the situation so critical that it is necessary to station a draftee with only four months' training at a place as remote and God-forsaken as Kodiak? Isn't there a federal law which prohibits the sending of drafted men out of the United States?

Mrs. M. B., Racine, Wis.

No. The Selective Training and Service Act of 1940 states that "Persons inducted into the land forces of the United States under this Act shall not be employed beyond the limits of the Western Hemisphere except in the Territories and possessions of the United States, including the Philippine Islands." So the Army has the right to send your son to Alaska, which is both a Territory and within the Western Hemisphere. Why, so shortly after his induction, it was deemed advisable or necessary to station him at Kodiak, I am not prepared to say. Anyhow, you can comfort yourself with the thought that if your son were in the Navy he might be even farther away from home than Alaska.

Here's another bet for you to settle, if you will. My bunkie claims that there is no difference between a "motorized" force and a "mechanized" force. I claim that, in Army parlance, there *is* a difference and a "motorized" force isn't necessarily "mechanized." Do I win?

Pvt. C. M. S.,
Fort McDowell, Calif.

You do. A motorized organization has motor equipment for transportation but not for combat. A mechanized organization, such as an armored division, uses its vehicles for fighting as well as transportation. Or, you can put it this way: a motorized outfit rides *to* battle, while a mechanized outfit rides to and *through* battle and does its fighting from armored vehicles.

I expect to be inducted sometime during December, 1941. My twenty-eighth birthday falls on March 13, 1942. As I interpret Public Law 206, approved August 16, 1941, I shall be eligible for release after July 1, 1942. Am I right or wrong?

R. M., Baltimore, Md.

As *I* interpret the law, you are wrong. The law *seems* to exempt from service ". . . men who, on . . . the first day of July of any subsequent year . . . have attained the twenty-eighth anniversay of the day of their birth." *But* there is a qualifying clause in the same paragraph which clearly states that it applies to men who ". . . have not been inducted into the land or naval forces. . . ." So, if you *are* inducted prior to your twenty-eighth birthday, you will *not* be eligible for discharge on the following July 1.

Move over, Private Meck, here I come. You say (November 1 Liberty) that you are 4′ 10½″, your service record shows 5′, and you fooled a recruiting officer. Well, I am 4′ 10¼″, my service record also shows 5′, but I didn't have to fool anybody. They fooled me by just shoving me in line and sending me down here. So *I* am the champion shorty of the Army.

Pvt. James H. Wolf, alias "Shorty McGee," Co. B, 15th Eng. Bn., 9th Div., Fort Bragg, N. C.

O. K., Private Wolf, "the winnah and new champion." As far as this page is concerned, the midget season is now officially closed.

WILL WOMEN'S WAY RULE TOMORROW'S WORLD?—Continued from Page 10

from his community. To the householder, isolation is most disastrous.

In other words, the home and the neighborhood are co-operative commonwealths. It's only offices and factories and political parties that are battlegrounds.

And yet, ninety-nine men out of a hundred work, compete, and fight for their homes. To found a home, maintain a home, serve a home, expand and beautify a home, create friendly neighbors, feed and clothe happy children, is what all the material activities of men on this planet are concentrated on. Silly, idiotic men, they live their lives largely for this single purpose. But they have never attempted even to organize their own nations, let alone their own earth, as a home, from the beginning.

☆ NOW, if we started organizing the United States of America as a home, we would first of all take full account of all our assets and set to work to increase them. No state organized as a home would ever destroy cotton—while Mike, the gardener, hadn't two cotton shirts to his back, and Mrs. Lacey around the block had four boys who kicked their feet through the sheets in a terrible way.

If we organized the nation as a home, we would accept a home principle that nobody eats who doesn't work.

If we organized the nation as a home, we would abandon the idea that things aren't worth doing unless they "pay"—in terms of money. If the mothers of this country insisted on fifty cents an hour for every hour of work for the family, most families would go broke. What mother insists on is not a wage but a just share. She thinks of Johnny's education and the insurance premiums and all the charges that are important to the family as a whole before she buys a fur coat. Always the whole family comes before any of its members.

In a nation organized as a home, there would be no strikes. Because you can't strike against yourself. There would also be no "unearned increment"—because why should one member take interest on his investment in his own family?

In a nation organized as a home, there would be no waste land. It would all be irrigated, landscaped, and used, and the only test would be whether it could be done, not whether some one could make a profit.

If the land produced more than they could eat, and didn't find buyers among the neighbors because the neighbors were too poor, that which could be stored against a rainy day would be stored, and that which couldn't be stored would be given to the poor neighbors.

And if the world were organized as a home, there would be no national armies. Did you ever hear of a household maintaining its own police force? Not unless it was up to bad tricks. Decent folk join a mutual protective association. That's what a national army, navy, and air force is: a mutual protective association. But if the idea of power were abandoned for the idea of homes, there would be an international army, navy, and air force that anybody could join on an equal basis, and it would be directed only against those who stayed out. For why should any one stay out except for the purpose of robbery?

In the contemporary world there are some nations that have attempted to achieve organization as homes and have supported and worked for a world community regarded as neighborhood. Amongst the large nations, the outstanding one is our own: the United States of America. We have never been completely clear about it; we've never been consistent; and we have been hampered by an isolationist spirit utterly incompatible with it. But we've had a persistent idea of it.

The best examples are the small nations, notably Finland, Sweden, Norway, Denmark, Belgium, and Holland. Holland, once a Great Power, long ago abandoned power politics, and all these nations have actively supported the League of Nations as a

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step in the direction of organizing the world as neighborhood. The Great Powers never saw the League in this light, and were, indeed, incapable of so seeing it, because they were "Powers." But the breakdown of the League was a deathblow to these little states, that of all states on this earth best deserved to survive—if human values are what deserve to survive. For only these small states had all but abolished poverty, class warfare, reached an immensely high level of education, and turned their backs on aggressive war.

All the societies that have organized themselves on the feminine principle of the household and the family have become rich. The Quaker communities, the Mormons, the monastic orders of the Catholic Church all achieved a remarkable prosperity.

And now I am going to make a startling statement: Only the application of these principles in this country or in any other free country can make it capable of winning a war against any great military Power, unless it chooses to ape and copy the methods of the Power against which it fights. We have either got to have completely regimented production, ruled by force, and completely controlled distribution, government by a vast bureaucracy with force behind it, or we have got to create a true co-operative commonwealth.

It's going to be Caesars and World Wars throughout a long future, or it's going to be just the opposite.

Right now, in this moment, the family principles of thrift, of the saving of every single asset, and of the expansion of production by the use of every hand, have got to be put into practice, or we shall have inflation and fail in our program of becoming a granary and an arsenal for our neighbors defending themselves throughout the world. Women, who save for the household's future, must now save for the nation. They must spend as little as possible, because the nation is spending in a gargantuan way. We are spending the public income for necessary weapons and necessary aid. That means that we must save the private incomes as far as possible—otherwise we shall have a disastrous inflation. People get inflation in their households when they buy huge amounts of goods "on time" and do not regularly lay up a reserve in the bank or the vaults of the insurance companies. Nations get it the same way.

Five years ago, nobody could say that there was no possibility of too much production in this country without incurring the wrath of many of the economists of the New Deal. Today we urgently need every acre that was not planted, every scrap of the bauxite that was not mined, every skill that was not trained; and tomorrow we shall need them even more. For values are being destroyed at a wholesale rate, and nothing that we can produce and store will go without a taker. It is infinitely cheaper to produce and give away goods than it is to prepare for monstrous wars. And if nations have fields they will not plow, and factories they will not run, and land they will not settle, in a world where people are land-hungry and work-hungry and just plain hungry, then, as long as force is a resort, other nations will attempt to rob the potato patches of others—or rob their idle land in order to plant it.

Today the children of the well-to-do middle classes should be working during their vacations for the farmers of this country, who face a dreadful labor shortage. They should be working not for money but as a national service. Boys in CCC camps should be producing. And everybody should be saving—income as a basis for future income, materials for an already noticeable shortage of materials. There is not nearly enough labor in America to do the things we need to do to be prosperous and safe, and be there with full hands to help build the new world of tomorrow.

And in this world of tomorrow—if it is a world run on the principle of the household and the neighborhood—we shall never know overproduction until every one has enough to eat and has basic shelter and clothing. When that time comes we can think of a pleasure-leisure world.

To create that kind of world seems to me the only worthy peace aim.

That is what I mean by a world dominated by feminine ideas. It doesn't mean a world run by females. Men can go on running it, as far as I'm concerned—if first they will learn some lessons from their mothers.

THE END

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TO THE Ladies

BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER AND FASHION AUTHORITY

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 3 SECONDS

☆ THE WORLD WE WANT is the subject of a resolution voted recently by the National Council of Women. Because at Christmastime we celebrate the Man who gave His life to lead the way toward the better world He wanted, I think this Women's Council resolution now should be given as much heed as possible. We all want a better world after the war. The women of the Council have stated clearly *how* they want our world to be bettered. They ask a guaranty of individual liberty and right of self-determination for every man, woman, and child in every nation. They demand freedom of worship everywhere. They want opportunity for self-expression; security of life, work, and property; the fruits of labor, health, and education for every individual regardless of sex, race, marital status, creed, or nationality. They want equal rights, civil and political, for all citizens or nationals of every country. They ask for the establishment of an international economic commission to insure the co-operative development and equitable distribution of the world's resources. . . . Can you conceive a more inspiring Christmas message for this embattled year of our Lord, nineteen hundred and forty-one?

☆ LUCY R. MILLIGAN, president of the Council, has a sense of humor that humanizes her profound concern with living history. I've enjoyed being with her on lecture platforms and at speakers' tables at banquets. She told me how an alarmed lady of her acquaintance has solved the army's sex problem. "Chop down all the trees around the camps," the lady says. "Girls and boys won't neck in the open. They've got to have shade. So chop down all the trees!"

☆ *GIFTS somewhat more opulent than last week's suggestions:* Comic animals made of yarn at the Craft Shop for the Blind; $5. . . . Silver compact, copy of snuffbox, holds powder and puff and seven cigarettes; about $7. . . . English breakfast sets in Dawn china, lovely pastel colors. Set for one, $7.50; set for two, $10. . . . Newest style bracelet to twist around arm, ram's-head design in gold metal; about $25. Matching earrings and clips; about $10. . . . Hurricane lamps in American crystal; $7.50 to $29.50. . . . American crystal candelabra made here under direction finest Bohemian glasscrafters; $40 and up. . . . When I quote approximate prices it is because they may vary a little in different localities.

☆ FAMILY tradition makes good Christmas fun. In the family of Charles Oppenheim, Jr., head of Jay Thorpe's fashion house, the tradition is to give papa a jackknife every Christmas. It started when his sons, now grown men, presented him with a boy's jackknife as a gentle hint that jackknives were what *they* wanted. Papa pretended not to understand. Next Christmas they gave him another—and so on for years. He has kept the game going until his collection of twenty-one jackknives is now a wonder to behold. Each Christmas members of the family try to add the most curious knife they can find.

☆ DELIGHTFUL to read as well as to use for its recipes, Caroline B. King's new cookbook, Victorian Cakes, is filled through and through with the flavor of *home.* To my taste it's a perfect gift book. (Published by the Caxton Printers, Caldwell, Ohio. $2.50.) . . . Here's Mrs. King's holiday special, which she calls *Harlequin Cake:* Cream 1 cup butter with 2 cups sugar, 3 cups flour, 3 teaspoons baking powder, 1 cup milk, 6 beaten egg whites, 1 teaspoon vanilla extract. Divide this batter into 4 parts. Leave one part white; tint one part green, one pink, one brown with 2 squares melted chocolate. Bake in 4 separate layer pans in moderate oven. Now prepare *Lemon Honey* as follows: Combine grated rind and juice of 2 lemons with 1 cup sugar, 1 tablespoon butter, yolks of 3 eggs. Stir over hot water till transparent and thick. Cool and spread between cake layers. Put layers together and ice entire cake with white icing. Decorate with angelica, candied cherries, chocolate chips. . . . A real Christmas treat!

☆ PRACTICAL jokers are rare among women. I have met a few, and I've just heard of one in a Western city who gagged herself into a well paid job after almost causing her husband to lose his. He's a department-store bookkeeper. Brought his boss home to dinner. Clown wife couldn't resist doing her tricks, though she had promised not to. Gave boss the hotfoot, sneaked a nude rubber doll into his pocket—all the old corny stuff. At first he was furious, then his business mind clicked. "Report for work Monday morning," he told her. "We need you in our recreation department. A lady prankster will be a novelty."

"I got married yesterday, Freddie. I guess that sorta breaks our engagement."

READING TIME • 19 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

Blood of the Dragon

He thought: How lovely she is! How brave she is! How loyal! . . Was she a traitor?

BY ACHMED ABDULLAH

PART EIGHT—
PRELUDE IN PARADISE GARDEN

☆ SIMPSON surveyed the Paradise Garden with a rather jaundiced eye.

"Slightly on the lousy and gaudy side, this dive," he gave judgment.

"Your language," the young girl by his side told him, "doesn't go with your costume and make-up. Supposed to be an elegant and refined Chinese gentleman, aren't you?"

She smiled.

She was very pretty. And she would have been even prettier had it not been for her thickly white-powdered complexion and her mouth, which was smeared a violent shade of orange. Her dress was a quite amazing fantasy. Tight-bodiced and emphasizing her narrow waist, it spread from her hips in a fanfare of peacock green and emerald green, shirred and ruffled into the semblance of some exotic tropical bird. Her slim legs were bare. Her feet were corseted more than shod in tiny high-heeled slippers of gold-and-silver brocade. Her hat was a challenge. It was an impudent sensuous gesture flung across her copper-red locks.

Simpson looked her up and down.

"And you," he went on, "seem absolutely in keeping with the restaurant."

"The which," she remarked, "is a nice way to talk to one's little sister."

For that's who she was: Caroline Simpson, the detective's younger sister and the sole remaining member of his family. She had been on the stage for several years; had been successful in drawing-room comedies on Broadway as well as in Hollywood.

"Incidentally," she continued, "it's your own fault if I look the way I do. I've merely obeyed your instructions. When you phoned me, you asked me to . . ."

"Yes, yes," he interrupted. "I did, and I'm grateful. But what gets me, and shocks me to the core, is your ability to seem the part—and to dress and behave it—at such short notice."

"It's a gift. After all, I'm an actress."

"Swell little actress—when you're not behind the footlights."

"Beast!"

"By the way, how much did that dress—if you call it a dress—cost you?"

"Not a cent."

"Eh?"

"I mean, you'll find out when you get the bill. I charged it to you. But I had to pay cash for the hat. You owe me forty-seven dollars and seventy-five cents. And"—stretching out her right arm and jingling a couple of bracelets—"how do you like these?"

"Not so dusty. New?"

"Brand-new. You bought them for me this afternoon."

He groaned.

"Good Lord! How I'll ever be able to balance my expense account . . ."

"What do a few bucks matter to Uncle Sam, especially in the case of a national emergency!" was her flippant rejoinder.

He inclined his head.

"It *is* a national emergency," he agreed soberly. "The gravest our country has ever faced."

His eyes searched the restaurant for Nag Yat and Li Su-Chang while his sister prattled on:

"I feel a craving coming on for a large portion of caviar and broiled Maine lobster and crepes Suzette. Not to mention champagne—a great deal of vintage champagne."

She laughed. Her laugh was high and silvery, and it was a signal for the headwaiter to approach on a dignified though flat-footed run.

He knew how to smell out generous tips, being a psychologist of sorts. He held out a discreetly rapacious palm. Nor was he disappointed. A ten-dollar bill changed hands.

"Ringside table, sir?"

"I would prefer one against the wall." Simpson spoke with a faint singsong Chinese intonation. He had located Nag Yat and Li Su-Chang. He pointed at them. "What about that table over there, the other side of the orchestra, next to those two people?"

The headwaiter smiled. It wasn't a very good table—and he had his ten dollars.

"Very well, sir. If you will be good enough to follow me. . . ."

☆ ON their way to their table they passed Jim Macdonnell, who was alone, pleasantly occupied with a cigar and a double Scotch.

He stuck out a foot. Harland Simpson stumbled.

"I'm sorry," said Macdonnell.

"Don't mention it."

"Clumsy of me. . . ."

More of the same: polite apology and equally polite disclaimer; and, between them, swift agile fingers busy with the sign talk of the intelligence service:

"Got to see you, boss."

"Something's come up?"

"I'll say! Don't leave here until . . ."

"O. K."

Brother and sister crossed the restaurant. Necks craned. Lips whispered scurrilous comment:

"Look at that Chink!"

"Some dame he's got himself!"

"Guess she'll play him for a sucker. . . ."

They took their seats not far from Li Su-Chang and Nag Yat. The former had her back to them. The latter glanced at the newcomers but paid no particular attention to them. Nor had Simpson expected that he would.

For he had found out that Chu Fung, the man whom he was endeavoring to impersonate, was not known to Nag Yat personally and that, arrived a few weeks earlier from Lisbon by Clipper, he had not tried to see the other but had proceeded directly to Chicago. There, doubtless to avoid suspicion, he had attended to ordinary business matters, since he was, officially, a merchant dealing in Chinese antiques. He had called on customers and—as reported by Simpson's agents—had actually made a number of sales.

Tonight the two Chinese were supposed to meet for the first time in the back room of the Golden Peiping Cabaret, where there was to be a general conclave of the conspirators in which grave things were to be discussed and final orders given.

This, at least, Chu Fung had confessed after many hours of cross-examination.

But, Simpson wondered, had the other spoken the truth, or was he leading him into a trap?

He could not be certain. Confessions obtained under—oh—pressure, he knew from experience, were not always to be relied upon; might, in fact, prove to be a dangerous boomerang. He needed outside confirmation, and Li Su-Chang would be able to supply it.

"I feel a craving coming on for caviar and crepes Suzette." Caroline's laugh was high and silvery.

Furthermore Nag Yat would have to accept him as Chu Fung. Often in the past he had got away with assuming another man's personality, both physically and psychologically. And the psychological part was quite as important as the physical. He must not only look and talk like Chu Fung but must—it was crucial—behave like the other.

Now, during the last month or two, a good deal of information in regard to the man had come, through coded messages, from American intelligence service agents stationed here and there in Europe. Chu Fung—these accounts agreed—was a very rich Shanghai merchant who had thrown in his lot with the Japanese invaders and who, this past year, had headed a Chinese pro-Nippon delegation accredited to Berlin and Rome. The reports went on to say that the man was exceedingly shrewd and had only one, if a triple, failing: an insatiable appetite for wine, woman, and song.

It was because of this—to keep in character—that the detective had invited his sister to be his guest tonight, was laughing boisterously and calling loudly for champagne. It was a sort of window-dressing. For Nag Yat was sure to have heard about his countryman's reputation.

☆ SIMPSON called to the waiter: "Put another quart on ice!" Li Su-Chang half turned—and he smiled.

Her small face—his sudden thought—so finely, so exquisitely chiseled; soaring forward as a free bird soars into the wind. . . .

Romantic imagining, he told himself, and he was a little ashamed; and then he heard his sister's question:

"Is that cute Chinese doll a former flame of yours?"

He gave a guilty start.

"Wh-what"—he stammered—"whatever makes you think so?"

"Well known feminine intuition."

"Oh."

"All right. Call it feminine observation. The way you looked at her. Sort of melting. Rather like a starving sheep that sees an especially juicy field of clover—that is, if sheep eat clover—I wouldn't know."

"Well, this particular sheep doesn't."

She was silent for a moment. She leaned across the table.

"I *hope* it doesn't," she said.

"Eh?"

She covered both his hands with hers. Vaguely—she remembered—he had mentioned a Chinese girl to her. Perhaps *too* vaguely . . .?

"Listen!" She was no longer frivolous. "I'm very fond of my big brother. I know him. I know that outside of his profession he's inclined to be—oh, a bit quixotic, to tilt his lance at windmills. And this girl—she's lovely, I admit—but . . ."

"Chinese?"

"Right."

A silence fell between brother and sister. She lit a cigarette. He sipped his champagne.

A few moments later the swing band left the platform. Some Cuban musicians came on. There were, presently, the haunting strains of a South American tune. The guitar twanged, the mandolin wailed, the maracas rattled.

Simpson got up.

"You are now," he announced, "going to behold an incongruous sight."

"Namely?"

"A dignified Mongol gent strutting a rumba."

"With me?"

"Don't be silly, Carrie! No thrill in dancing with one's sister."

"I see. With the Chinese doll." She spoke lightly but her heart sank. "All in the line of official duty, I suppose?"

☆ HE walked over to the next table. He bowed to Nag Yat in stiff mandarin fashion, with his hands clasped across his chest.

It was a dangerous moment. Would he be able to fool the other?

In a low voice he pronounced the secret password of the conspirators:

"Pi fung chin san ngo t'ai ha. . . ."

Nag Yat rose. He, too, bowed.

"Mo hai," he gave the countersign, *"san ch'u ming yat t'ai loi. . . ."*

Simpson bowed yet more deeply.

"May I," he said, "though the very small and unimportant one, mention my wretched and dishonorable name to my wise and older brother?"

"It is myself," was the scrupulously courteous reply, "who is the small and unimportant one. Your elegant name is—ah—Chu Fung?"

"Indeed, O Nag Yat."

There was a short silence. Nag Yat stared at the other.

"How," he demanded with a faint ripple of suspicion, "never having met me, did you know that . . ."

"—that you are you?" interrupted the American. "Ah"—he spread eloquent hands—"was it not my precious privilege to see you, the great war lord, some years ago in Shanghai? Was I not, on that day, dazzled by the golden sun of your presence? Can I ever forget your noble and harmonious features? No—by Buddha and by Buddha!"

Nag Yat smiled fatuously. Then—for, throughout, the detective had been speaking in a whisper—he said, pointing at Li Su-Chang:

"You may talk freely. The Plum Blossom is in my confidence."

Much to the amusement of the people in the restaurant, Simpson kowtowed to her.

"A most delicious Plum Blossom!" he exclaimed. He paid her a number of extravagant compliments; turned back to Nag Yat. "Would it be permitted," he inquired, "to dance with her after the fashion of the coarse-haired barbarians?"

Nag Yat was amused.

"You," he remarked, "are true to your reputation . . ."

"For humility?"

"No, no. Something quite different. For the telling goes that you are a lover of blossoms—plum and peach and apple and orange." He laughed loudly. "Ah"—indicating Caroline Simpson—"I notice that you have plucked a charming little blossom of your own."

The detective shrugged his shoulders.

"She is," he observed apologetically, "a foreigner. But what can one do?" He sighed, then quoted a Chinese proverb: "When lilies are out of season, a gardener must be satisfied with simple field flowers."

"A most sagacious gardener," commented Nag Yat, "and a most charming field flower. Perhaps she can be induced to bring her fragrance to my table?"

"She will be honored, O brother very wise and very old."

The detective was elated. No doubt, he reflected, but that he had succeeded; had deceived the other as to his identity.

He went over to his sister.

"Keep Nag Yat occupied," he said to her. "Behave like a hussy. Shouldn't be a strain on you."

☆ NOT long later, Caroline Simpson was sitting beside Nag Yat. In spite—or possibly because—of what her brother had told her of him, she found him interesting. More than interesting. There was about the man an aura of primitive Mongol savagery, thinly cloaked by his stilted Mongol politeness, that almost fascinated her.

"The cold fascination of fear," she described it afterward to her brother. "Something like a fog of horror surrounding the man. As if—as if he were a judge in black cap and blood-red robe pronouncing sentence of torture and death on an innocent world. . . ."

☆ THE detective in the meantime had led Li Su-Chang out on the dance floor.

There was the rhythm of the rumba.

Dolorous it was; yet a phantasm of sensuous abandon was twined in it. Honeyed it was; yet with a gall-bitter aftertaste.

One of the Cubans had started singing in a high throaty tenor:

"Lo que digo de hoy en dia
Lo que digo lo sostengo,
Yo no vengo a ver si puedo
Yo no vengo . . ."

The song broke off sharply, unexpectedly. The maracas rattled . . . feet slurred, advanced, receded and Harland Simpson looked down at Li Su-Chang—at the soft ivory curve of her cheeks, the tender pockets behind her ears, the sweet parting of her raven-black hair, her mouth scarlet as a pomegranate . . .

And he thought, How brave she is! How loyal! How—oh—how absolutely all right!

And he thought, Here is the girl I love. Here is—romance!

And he thought of former years when romance had meant to him a light and frivolous and flighty thing; had meant no more than the longing to escape for the span of a few hours from drab reality and to seek for a delicately scented, brightly colored nothing-in-particular; had meant the eagerness to sip whatever was likely to taste sugary or spiced; to kiss, in the gathering half-light, a face that was lovely and soft; to hear a voice that could make quite ordinary words sound attractive and mysterious and so utterly important; to feel the passion of the moment and to awaken, the next morning, with a bad taste in your mouth.

And he thought that now, when he was no longer quite so young, he had made the amazing discovery that romance was the decency of life, the protest against whatever was ugly and sordid and unclean; that it was the everlasting truth of life and seriousness—more serious than death. . . .

He held her more tightly.

How adorable she was! How utterly exquisite!

Like a dainty little figurine made of porcelain. Chinese porcelain. . . .

At the imagining he gave a start.

Chinese—yes!—she was Chinese. And he—he was an American.

She was of Mongol race, and he of Caucasian. . . .

A shadow fell across his soul. A question—nor for the first time—rose in his brain.

"Never the twain shall meet!" Wasn't that Kipling's trite old saying?

Well—they *had* met.

And what of it?

Were they not allies, she and he, in the same fine high cause? And were not their countries allies, to all intents and purposes, in the fight against the satanic powers of evil for civilization and freedom and all the blessed God-given virtues?

And so—this small, despicable accident of birth—this fact that they belonged to different races—why—it didn't matter!

Couldn't matter!

And if people didn't like it—well, they knew what they could do!

He bent till his lips almost touched her ear.

He said to her in English, softly, in the drawling accents of Harland Simpson:

"Listen, darling! Did I ever mention to you that I adore you with all my heart?"

She trembled in his arms. Her narrow feet missed a beat of the rumba rhythm.

"Oh! . . ." her choked cry.

Then his whispered admonition:

"Take it easy!"

☆ THE music stopped. People applauded.

The music started again.

Simpson and Li Su-Chang resumed their dance.

He said to her:

"I've discovered the inner meaning of existence. It is you and I. Our life together. Married life."

"Married . . .?"

"Right-oh"—gaily—"as our British cousins say. You see, I'm proposing to you, very properly, with gold ring and orange blossoms and pounds of

rice and Voice-that-breathed-o'er-Eden, all complete."

She smiled tremulously. Her hand caressed his.

Then she murmured:

"No, no!"

"Don't you love me—not even the least little bit, dear?"

"I love you—with all of me."

"There you are!" He laughed. "That's all I wanted to know. We'll celebrate tonight. What'll it be? Champagne—or champagne?"

She shook her head.

"Not tonight."

"Eh?"

"Tonight—later on"—she spoke slowly—"I have—another date. Remember?"

He frowned. Then suddenly, rather guiltily, he remembered that—by the Lord!—he, too, had another date tonight. Love—the gaiety and triumph of love—would have to wait.

Once more he became the government intelligence service agent. There was the question to which Li Su-Chang might have the answer: the question if Chu Fung had spoken the truth or was leading him into a trap.

"I've heard about a meeting tonight at the Golden Peiping Cabaret," he said. "At ten o'clock; and"—he glanced at his wrist watch—"it's now a little after half past eight. A most important meeting, I understand. A"—he smiled without mirth—"a gathering of the vultures. Know anything about it?"

"Yes," she replied. "Nag Yat is due at the Peiping at ten. He told me so as we were leaving to come here."

"Anything else?"

"Nothing definite."

Except that Nag Yat had seemed exultant, had said to her in a vainglorious outburst:

"Great I was before. Yet—soon, soon—I shall be greater. A master of men. A master over men's life and death and—*hai-yai!*—worse than death."

Simpson shuddered as the girl repeated the queer, grim boast.

Oh, yes—he reflected—worse than death, this threat to America's young manhood. . . .

"Listen!" she whispered.

"Yes?"

"Tonight you're going to . . .?"

"To jump. With all four feet. I have made—oh—preparations."

"I thought so. . . ."

Just then a rough elbow crushed into Simpson's ribs. A rough voice exclaimed:

"Quit yer shovin', willya?"

The detective turned. It was Jim Macdonnell who had spoken; who was doing what he fondly hoped was a rumba with a large blonde.

Macdonnell was swinging his wide hips, swaying from side to side. One of his large hands was planted firmly against his partner's bare powdered spine. The other, with fingers moving rapidly, spelled out:

"I told you, before, I wanted to talk to you, boss."

"I know," Simpson signaled in reply.

"Well, got to talk to you soon. What I've to say may change your plans."

"All right. Meet you in the bar. Right after this dance."

Not long afterward the rumba stopped. A waltz began. Simpson took Li Su-Chang back to the table just as Nag Yat was leading Caroline Simpson out on the dance floor.

Presently Simpson excused himself and went to the bar.

There Macdonnell joined him.

"Well," demanded the detective, "what is it?"

"It's about that little Chink goil," the other began excitedly. "She—she ain't no more kosher than Hitler."

"What do you mean?"

"She's two-timin' yer, boss. That's what I mean—see?"

A blow, both to Simpson's plans and to his heart! Is Li Su-Chang really playing a double game—pretending to help Simpson, while acting as a spy for Nag Yat? Find out in next week's chapter, which whirls this thrilling story toward a startling climax!

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 28

1—Josephus Daniels, who recently resigned as U. S. Ambassador to Mexico. He was Secretary of the Navy when Roosevelt was Assistant Secretary.

2—Monday. There is a yearly one-day advance, except after a leap year, when the advance is two days.

3—The speed of the slowest boat.

4—They are the earliest books printed with movable type.

5—Twelve.

6—According to story, two cats were tied together by their tails by a prankish Irish soldier. An officer, hearing the commotion, hurried in. The soldier cut off the cats' tails, the cats escaped, and the soldier blithely informed the officer the two cats had eaten each other, all but the tails. The term symbolizes nations who destroy each other.

7—Solid, liquid, and gas.

8—He refers to all parts of a ship above the water level.

9—Abraham Lincoln and Jefferson Davis. Both were born in the same section of Kentucky.

10—Bowling.

11—Union College, Schenectady, New York.

12—Bands of Tory marauders who roamed through the cow pastures of Westchester County, New York, during the Revolution.

13—The Electoral College elects the President on the first Monday after the second Wednesday in December following Election Day.

14—The Dodgers.

15—The winds blowing due north, south, east, or west.

16—The book's title is Far from the Madding Crowd.

17—Louisiana, named after Louis XIV.

18—"Guerrilla" comes from the Spanish and means "little war." The men are "little warriors."

19—The old-time melodramas with tickets selling at ten, twenty, and thirty cents.

20—He made a parachute jump from a height of nearly 40,000 feet, didn't open his parachute until he was only 1,500 feet above the ground. In the free fall he reached the speed of about 190 miles an hour.

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RESINOL

THE LAST WORD: *Your Pocketbook And Inflation*

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FULTON OURSLER

THE GUARDIAN of the citizen's pocketbook is supposed to be Mr. Leon Henderson. Officially, his title is Federal Price Control Administrator. He is supposed to be the St. George who will slay the dragon of inflation—of rising prices upon anything you buy. For example: Here in New York the price of white eggs increased from 41 to 53 cents in one week and the price of a loaf of bread went up 1 cent in the same seven days. Why? And how can it be stopped? The average man and his above-the-average wife (what husband will admit that his wife is only average?) are naturally a little panicky. Taxes are going up and threats of more taxes are coming, and prices are going up. Where do we all get off?

Liberty took this question to headquarters, to Mr. Leon (St. George) Henderson, and next week we print an article by Mr. Henderson called Your Pocketbook and Inflation. We do not promise that you will be completely reassured after reading what Mr. Henderson has to say, nor do we promise that you will understand the problem altogether from a study of Mr. Henderson's ideas. But we do think you will understand the matter better and that perhaps you will be a little heartened. No man can foretell the future, but in his article Mr. Henderson makes clear the difficulties with which the situation bristles like quills upon the fretful porcupine. He makes clear, too, the resolution of the government to deal with the problem with intelligence and sincerity. We think it will profit you to read this piece.

DICKENS IS DEAD and there are no more Christmas stories like his immortal Christmas Carol. But there are still good storytellers in the world and two of them are telling remarkably fine Christmas stories in our next issue. Marguerite Steen, who wrote The Sun Is My Undoing, comes now with a charming yuletide yarn called The Eye of a Needle, and Elizabeth Goudge tells another, By the Waters of Babylon. We also recommend America's Gibraltar of the Pacific, by John W. Vandercook; How to Get On with Men, by Carole Landis; Sports Forecast for 1942, by Jerry Lewis; and several other good articles, together with all your favorite departments and full installments of the current serials: Mississippi Belle, by Clements Ripley, Blood of the Dragon, by Achmed Abdullah, and More Women in Hitler's Life, by Curt Riess. Be sure to watch for the Christmas cover of Liberty, a beautiful study of Mother and Child against the background of modern civilization, a really wonderful painting by Roy Spreter.

SALMAGUNDI: The other day I went to see One Foot in Heaven. Here is a Warner Bros. picture so unlike anything that studio has ever done that I could hardly believe my eyes. The transcription of the story of a small-town clergyman into cinematographic form has been done sensitively and with fidelity to the original story. The result is that one shares the life of the clergyman and his family—laughing and, frankly, dropping a tear or two on the way. It is not my province to review motion pictures. Mr. Barnes does that very well indeed. Moreover, I shouldn't praise the performance of Fredric March, because he and I are friends for many long years; he and I have known a few ups and downs that are altogether unclerical in character. I am moved to speak of One Foot in Heaven because it is another evidence of the spiritual revival of which I wrote on the editorial page some weeks ago. A new fire of faith is burning in America, and Warner Bros. have shown prescience in making a picture in tune with a new, urgent, and important current in our lives. They are wrong in Hollywood and elsewhere who say that Americans today are looking for escape. Escape is not enough. The world is looking for refuge. It will find it where it has always been found, in the secret places of the heart, where man communes with his Creator. One Foot in Heaven is a noble picture. . . . Two good books I read this week are What to Do and See in the South, by George W. Seaton, and one by an old acquaintance, James Wyman Barrett, called Joseph Pulitzer and His "World." Mr. Barrett was city editor of that famous Pulitzer newspaper. . . . The redheads are writing reams. . . . A lady doctor with red hair says that titian-tressed gals are given the reputation of being quick-tempered only by jealous blondes and brunettes. Forty-seven other reasons have been advanced, but I haven't room even for the printable ones. But now the blondes are also complaining. One extremely charming golden-haired beauty from Monterey, California, writes: "I, also, have a grievance. All my life I have heard, 'Oh, she is a dizzy blonde.' Why are blondes considered dizzy?" Well, I hesitate to try to answer, but I do know that men occasionally give blondes the runaround.

☆

THANKS! Hope to see you all right here with us again next Wednesday. FULTON OURSLER.

★ ★ ★ ★ **CONTENTS—DECEMBER 20, 1941** ★ ★ ★ ★

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COVER BY MEAD MADDICK LOWNDS

★ ★ ★ **LIBERTY—THE AMERICAN WAY OF LIFE** ★ ★ ★

WINE speaks a quiet, warm-hearted welcome

...the kind of welcome most folks prefer this Christmas time

The wines pictured here are California Sauterne and Burgundy

TO OUR HOLIDAY TABLES, folks find wine brings an added, genial note. A note of quiet friendship and hospitality.

Wine comes to dinner and our guests take more pleasure in good company and good food. Appetites brighten. For California wines like ruby Burgundy and golden Sauterne are made especially to raise to perfection the flavor of roast turkey. Made for friendship and good cheer around the Christmas table.

And holiday wine serving, lately, has spread out a bit from the dinner table, too. Sherry with appetizers, for example, now opens many a holiday party. Nutlike and tempting in flavor, Sherry is possibly the world's best-liked prelude to a good meal.

Or in the evening when friends drop in, glowing full-bodied Port is served with sandwiches or platters of cold turkey and thin buttered bread, or with just a plate of fruit cake.

However you serve it, you'll discover that wine offers a moderate, simple way to be hospitable. It brings a warm-hearted welcome—a welcome of the kind that millions find best in times like these.

For an interesting free booklet on serving California wines write the Wine Advisory Board, 85 Second Street, San Francisco. The wines of our native land, connoisseurs will tell you, are good by any standard in the world.

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